

COVERS PC & CD-ROM VERSIONS

ALONE IN THE DARK

THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

COVERS
GAMES
1 & 2



John H. Hocking

under the direction of
Hubert Chardot & Bruno Bonnell



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Alone in the Dark

THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

Secrets of the Games

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Alone in the Dark

THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

Johan Robson

under the direction of
Hubert Chardot & Bruno Bonnell



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Technical Editor: Rick Barba

Book Design and Layout: Danielle Foster, Scribe Tribe

Word Processor: Betsy Ahl

Cover Design Adaptation: The Dunlavey Studio

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Introduction

Alone in the Dark and *Alone in the Dark 2* are uniquely popular and successful virtual mysteries from Infogrames/I*Motion. Both feature the hard-bitten detective Edward Carnby as he battles a host of monsters and other villains.

Alone in the Dark has won many prestigious computer gaming awards, a few of which are listed below:

-  Tilt Gold Award 1992 for best animation
-  Generation 4 Gold Award 1993 for best adventure game
-  ECTS Award 1993 for best French game of the year
-  ECTS Award 1993 for best graphics
-  ECTS Award 1993 for most original game
-  Login CES Award 1993 for best foreign game

Alone in the Dark: The Official Strategy Guide features everything you need to know to win both games, as told in the entertainingly cynical voice of Edward Carnby himself! Learn the secrets of the haunted mansion of Derceto (*Alone 1*) and of saving little Grace Saunders from the horrors of Hell's Kitchen (*Alone 2*).

In addition, you'll get a guide to *Jack in the Dark*, a special short adventure offered as a gift to buyers of *Alone in the Dark*, and some early information about *Alone in the Dark 3*, now in development. Plus, there's an inside look at the technology that makes the detailed animation of the *Alone* games possible.

Welcome to the exciting world of Infogrames and to the mysteries and wonders that can be found *Alone in the Dark*!

—Johan Robson

Somewhere off the coast of Borneo

January 1993





Alone in the Dark







I

The setting for *Alone in the Dark 1* is the decade known as the Roaring Twenties, a time of profound and rapid change. Young people of the western nations were coming out of the horrors of the Great War and jumping eagerly into the fun and speed the modern era promised. While the rich partied, labor unions fought for better working conditions; the average man intended to share in the bounties of the new age. Jazz, radio, the movies, and automobiles were the symbols of the bright new world. The United States was leading the way, and everything seemed possible.

Alongside this brash dynamism, America's temperance organizations had won a Constitutional amendment. Since the end of 1919, Prohibition had been in effect, laying the groundwork for a spectacular expansion of organized crime. The sale of alcohol would not be legalized until 1933. More than 13 years of bootlegging, speakeasies, and bloody gang wars, not to mention the G-men and Elliot Ness, were beginning. Meanwhile, in Europe, Germany was finding recovery from The Great War painful. Against a backdrop of hopeless poverty and mind-boggling inflation, despair bred hatred. New and unspeakable atrocities were waiting to be unleashed. The following are just a few of the events that marked an extraordinary decade:



1920 American women are granted the right to vote in August. In November of the same year, the Russian anticomunist White forces are finally defeated.

-  1921 Charlie Chaplin's first feature film, "The Kid," is released. The first American radio sports event is broadcast. The first law to limit immigration is passed. Jazz music sweeps across the country, from New Orleans to Chicago. In Germany, Adolf Hitler becomes the leader of the Nazi Party.
-  1922 In August, the biggest dance palace in the world, New York's Cover Garden, opens its doors. In Germany, inflation is running riot: the American dollar, worth 860 marks at the beginning of August, is worth 4450 marks at the end of October. In October, Benito Mussolini's Fascists march on Rome and take power. Egyptologist Howard Carter discovers the tomb of the pharaoh Tutankhamen. Albert Einstein receives the Nobel Prize for physics.
-  1923 The fastest plane flies at 217 mph. In June, the dollar is valued at 136,000 German marks. In the United States, President Warren G. Harding dies and is succeeded by Calvin Coolidge. Hitler leads an aborted putsch in Munich. H.P. Lovecraft's "Dagon" appears in *Weird Tales*. The new world record for the one-mile run is 4 minutes, 10.4 seconds.
-  1924 Japanese immigrants are forbidden to enter the USA in January. In February, Carson City, Nevada, is the scene of the first gas chamber execution. American Indians are accorded full citizenship. J. Edgar Hoover becomes director of the FBI. In the Paris Olympics, Johnny Weissmuller (later to portray Tarzan on the silver screen) wins two gold medals for swimming. The Zeppelin LZ 126 airship flies from Germany to New Jersey in 81 hours. In November, U.S. troops leave the Dominican Republic.
-  1925 On January 1, the 10 millionth car leaves the Ford plant in Detroit. You can buy a new automobile for \$298. July sees the publication of Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. During the same month, a Tennessee high school teacher is found guilty of teaching evolution and fined \$1000. The Ku Klux Klan holds its first national congress in Washington, D.C.
-  1926 The television is demonstrated by John L. Baird. Seventeen thousand Americans own telephones. The first liquid-fuel rocket takes to the air in Auburn, Massachusetts. Benito Mussolini is shot in the nose by Irishwoman Violet Gibson. Marilyn Monroe is born, and Rudolph Valentino dies. Hundreds of Americans perish in a July heatwave. In Florida, 1500 people are killed in a hurricane. The president of

Nicaragua invites United States armed forces into his country to quell unrest.

1927 An international drug ring is uncovered in Berlin. One thousand U.S. marines land in war-stricken China to protect American property. Charles A. Lindbergh makes the first non-stop New York-to-Paris flight in 33 hours, 29 minutes. The first talking motion picture features singer Al Jolson.

1928 Amelia Earhart flies across the Atlantic on June 18; she is the first woman to do so. A television set costs \$75. In the Kellogg Pact, 62 signatory countries condemn the use of war. Alexander Fleming discovers penicillin. Mickey Mouse hits the screen for the first time in "Steamboat Willy." Democrat candidate Al Smith loses the U.S. presidential election to Herbert Hoover.

1929 In January, the U.S. Senate votes to pay back \$75 million to the largest taxpayers. Martin Luther King is born in the same month, but Popeye is not created until July. On St. Valentine's day, in Chicago, seven members of Bugs Moran's gang are massacred by Al Capone's men. Hollywood organizes the first Oscar ceremonies. The airship *Graf Zeppelin* flies around the world in 20 days. Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest* is published. On October 29, the stock market crashes and the Great Depression begins.

Scenario Constants in Alone 1

A television series uses a "bible," a book in which all information about the characters and settings is kept. Thus, the writers know what the characters have already experienced, and no unintentional inconsistencies creep into the scripts. *Alone in the Dark* hasn't yet reached a point where inconsistencies are a big risk (although you may spot a few), but all the stories have some shared features that help to forge the *Alone* identity.

Time and Place

As we have seen, the series is anchored in the United States of the 1920s. Each episode takes place on an important date. *Alone 1* takes place in Louisiana at the summer solstice. *Alone 2* is set in California at Christmas. *Jack in the Dark* takes place on Halloween. *Alone 3* will transport the player to the Mojave Desert for a special July 4th celebration.

The Occult

Alone in the Dark relies heavily on, but is not tied exclusively to, the lore of H.P. Lovecraft. With so many weird and wonderful magical traditions to draw on, it seemed a pity to limit the designers and players. So while the first episode is steeped in the richly atmospheric Cthulhu universe, *Alone 2* plunges us into other supernatural dimensions. *Alone 3* is all about the ancient art of alchemy!

The Hero

If you've played *Alone 1*, you may be asking "What about the heroine?" There's a rumor that says Miss Hartwood may be making a return appearance in *Alone 3*. However, when you've read the story behind the Carnby character, you'll agree the real hero of the series could not be anyone else.

In August 1991, an Infogrames idea person, Frenchwoman Sylvie Mensongère, went to the U.S. on vacation to look up distant cousins. The ancestors of those relatives, whose family name is Cloporte, settled outside Moreau, Louisiana, more than two centuries ago. Their descendants are still there today. Moreau is a small community south of Thibodaux. The senior member of the clan is a snowy-haired gentleman, Clarence H. Cloporte, who was born in April 1911 in Moreau. He was more than willing to act as Mensongère's guide to the area.

During a trip around the Moreau area, Mensongère and Cloporte happened to drive past the ruins of a burnt-out old mansion, standing at the edge of the bayou, some 15 miles out of town. It was called Derceto, and it had an unusual history.

By the time Clarence had finished his tale, Mensongère knew she was on to something. The story told of a family of mysterious origins and frightening events ending in the tragic and unexplained suicide of the young owner of the big house, one Jeremy Hartwood. The county records and the old newspapers even describe a detective named Edward Carnby, who spent a night in the old house shortly after the suicide. At the time, he was believed to be trying to quash local rumors that the house was haunted, so it could be put on the market with some hope of being sold. Carnby's own papers prove that his intention was quite different. As for the house, it was sold to an architect several years later.

One detail, however, was recorded only in Mr. Cloporte's memory. Early in the morning after the night Carnby visited Derceto, Clarence

(aged 13) was minding the family store when a man with a mustache stumbled in and asked to use the telephone. Mr. Cloporte remembers the incident because the man looked like he'd been "fighting 'gators all night" and because the phone call, to a Mrs. Allen, was about Derceto. The man wanted to know if Mrs. Allen had sent the car and chauffeur to pick him up when he left the old house. She apparently said she hadn't, and that didn't seem to surprise the stranger; he said he was lucky to be alive. It seems clear that the caller was Carnby, who had a mustache at that time. *Alone I* uses that detail.

The scriptwriters back at Infogrames agreed: this was too good to miss. The haunted-house story is always powerful. With a true-to-life hero, and Cthulhu, it makes quite a package!

The Derceto player's visit in *Alone I* could not be a detailed recreation of the real house; too much was lost and too many trails had gone cold. But this Derceto is faithful enough to history to give the game an added dimension: reality.

A True Hero

Further research, carried out by Leonard Keppard (who is currently working on a biography of Carnby), uncovered a few details concerning Edward Carnby's life. He was born in New Orleans in 1898, but no record was ever made of his parents' identities. He was raised in St. Andrew's Home for Orphans and Foundlings. When he left on his 13th birthday, the Home secured for him a job on a farm outside of Plaquemine, where young Edward stayed for less than a week. Between 1911 and 1914, he apparently started doing odd jobs for a New Orleans detective named Ted Striker. Carnby went on Striker's payroll full-time in June 1914, mostly doing stake-outs and tailing people.

Carnby volunteered for service in the Marine Corps the day after the United States entered the war in Europe in April 1917. In the trenches near the river Marne, he captured a group of soldiers from a Bavarian infantry battalion. He was escorting them to a collection point behind the lines, when an artillery shell exploded nearby. Carnby went down, wounded and suffering from a concussion. When he came round, he found that his prisoners hadn't been so lucky; all but one of them had been killed by the blast. The remaining captive had either been buried by flying earth or escaped in the turmoil. Carnby still had the man's papers, though; he was a corporal named A. Hitler!

After the war, Edward Carnby opened his own detective agency in New Orleans. Business couldn't have been all that good, because he was forced to accept some pretty low-life assignments. He had to wait until 1921 for his first break: A local antique dealer, Gloria Allen, paid him \$150 to look for a piano in an old house called Derceto, someplace out in the bayou.

The Reptile

Here's how Carnby introduces himself at the start of *Alone 1*:

On my door, a dull brass plate says "Private Detective." The few friends I have call me Carnby; the others call me the Reptile. I don't care to think what my banker calls me. These days, I leave my letters unopened; bills and threats to send in the receivers only ruin my day.

When an antique dealer called Gloria Allen contacted me, I slipped into my best shirt, holstered my .38, and got to her shop as fast as I could. I was expecting something sordid: blackmail probably. Was I wrong! What I was asked to do was visit a property called Derceto and find a piano in the loft. It was an old piano, with secret drawers; the kind people who buy stuff in antique stores go crazy over. The Derceto house is supposed to be piled high with classy junk: furniture, baaks, paintings. It laaked like whoever awned Derceto was about to get cleaned out.

I was going to bring up the subject of money when Gloria Allen handed me \$150 and a key. I kept myself from grinning at the thought of my banker's surprise. He doesn't like his victims getting away.

I looked over a copy of the palice report. The former owner af Derceto, a guy called J. Hartwood, had hanged himself in the loft. The coraner concluded it was a clear-cut case af suicide. I promised Gloria Allen I'd give the place a look-over.

My report will be ready in a couple of days. I've been reading up on the history of the old hause. It's the kind af place ghosts run away from in terror. Grisly murders, curses, lunacy. . . . Luckily, devil worship makes me smile, so this is my idea of a paid vacation.

Not exactly the type to believe in ghosts and ghouls, right? And yet, hard-boiled "Reptile" Carnby was destined to become embroiled in some of the spookiest tales ever to scare the living daylights out of man or PC!

The Ultimate Horror

In case you're unfamiliar with the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, here's a very brief outline of the Cthulhu mythos he created during the 1920s and 30s. A number of other fine writers have added to his fictional world since then.

The Outer Gods rule everything. Almost all of them, starting with their ruler Azathoth, are mindless idiots, writhing at the center of the universe. One Outer God, Nyarlathotep, is definitely not a mindless idiot but would enjoy turning you into one. His function is to keep the others happy.

One rung lower on the celestial ladder are the Great Old Ones. These enormously powerful aliens are scattered about the cosmos. One of them, the great Cthulhu, has been trapped for many thousands of years under the Pacific Ocean. These beasts are no supernatural spirits; they have a very physical presence, which is invariably disgusting. Tentacles and pseudopods are common features.

Many lesser races of repulsive creatures—some independent, some slaves of the Great Old Ones or of the Outer Gods—inhabit the Cthulhu mythos. Quite a few of these monsters live in our world. Others travel among the planets and dimensions, leaving destruction in their wake.

In Lovecraft's creation, long before mankind came into being, the world was inhabited by successive waves of extraterrestrials. The Elder Things flew in around two billion years ago. Cthulhu and his spawn arrived half a billion years later and inhabited a land mass in the Pacific region which eventually sank beneath the waves when the moon was torn from the Earth. Those two races fought bitterly for domination of the planet. Other races trying to carve out a niche included cone-shaped beings who were regularly eaten by the Flying Polyps. The Great Race of distant Yith took telepathic control of the conical creatures and waged war on the Polyps. Eventually, however, the Yithians abandoned the struggle, leaving the cone-shaped beings to be exterminated. Only 160 million years ago, the Mi-Go came from Yuggoth. As for Cthulhu, he is still beneath the Pacific Ocean, waiting.

Happily, perhaps, most humans are ignorant of this ancient past, although in isolated communities throughout the world, cultists

(deranged, of course) worship the Great Old Ones in exchange for blasphemous gifts! Cthulhu cultists work to free their loathsome master. With luck, brains, and extraordinary courage, heroes can try to delay the moment of doom, but how long can the inevitable be postponed?

Lovecraft's stories concern meetings between these timeless beings and men who stray where they should not, or who discover tantalizing snippets of information concerning these secret gods and then unwisely pursue their research. Such foolhardy adventurers are usually condemned to ghastly deaths or to stark staring madness, locked for all eternity in a nightmare of unspeakable horror!

Apart from the great Cthulhu and many other ghastly entities, Lovecraft wrote of the infamous *Necronomicon*, the work of the mad Abd Al-Azred. Very few copies of this work are said to exist. If you should come across this cursed book, think twice before reading even a line of it. Those who study its contents cannot hope to avoid utter madness.

Perhaps the most chilling aspect of Lovecraft's tales is their portrayal of mankind as totally insignificant; in such a chaotic and unfeeling universe, neither our lives nor our deaths can have the slightest meaning or value. The Great Old Ones existed long before us and will exist long after we have been idly squashed and tossed aside.

If you own *Alone in the Dark 1*, you have doubtless read the article in *The Mystery Examiner* concerning HPL. Your sanity, therefore, may already have been somewhat eroded. By the way, if you're wondering why *Mistery* instead of *Mystery*, you should know that a private detective was hired to dig up the answer to that very question. After eight days, his first and last report came in the mail. It began, "It is much worse tonight; the slurping things are writhing outside my door. I hear them misspelling my name..." Reliable sources swear that the sinister Mister Eye, who's dying to give Carnby a hard time in *Alone 2*, has no connection with the newspaper business and has never slurped in his life. The mystery remains unsolved.

Entering Alone 1

A pathway bordered by trees which seem to bend towards you with each step you take. A gate, greatly rusted by the driving rain that regularly sweeps across the region. And then—standing toll amidst wild, almost



Figure 1-1
Welcome to Derceto.
Your job is to get the
hell out. Literally.

hostile vegetation—Derceto. Derceto, with its steeply angled roof and sinister appearance, guards in its basement the secrets of Astarte, the goddess of fertility to whom the house was dedicated.

That is how we are introduced to the mystery. Astarte, by the way, was also known as Ashtaroth or Ishtar. She was the female divinity of the ancient Babylonians, just as Baal was their male divinity. Her symbol was the moon. Human sacrifices were made to her. Certain sources suggest she is also called Shub-Niggurath. The introduction continues:

The owner of this mysterious building, Jeremy Hartwood, died a few days ago. The police report, filed after a cursory investigation, concluded that the well-known artist had taken his own life. His devoted butler confirmed that Hartwood had been suffering from considerable mental depression for some months. He had even placed more strain on his already delicate health by translating the many ancient manuscripts contained in Derceto's extensive library. He also suffered from insomnia and what few hours of sleep he had were troubled by particularly disturbing nightmares. He appeared to be convinced of a mysterious presence in the old house.

Derceto is now empty. Rumors abound of a curse or of an evil power dwelling within its walls. Such stories are not uncommon with houses like Derceto, especially in this particular area. For some days now, however, a cloud of doubt hung over your mind....

What are those strange lights inside the house at nightfall? What could account for the eerie noises to be heard each time you approach? Why did Jeremy commit suicide? And what compels you towards the house? What is Derceto's terrible secret?

And how about this for a warm welcome:

"Superb Derceto!
Corridors which have no end.
Brooding gloom-filled rooms.
Atmosphere of dread!
The very guts of the world are here.
Who dares defy the one who never sleeps?"

Choosing a Character

The player can choose between two characters, who are described thus:

Edward Carnby. Carnby is a private detective hired by a local antique dealer interested in the precious objects contained in the house. Carnby's job is to make a list of all Derceto's valuables. He must above all check the condition of the old piano in the loft. Edward Carnby is a tough guy who doesn't back away from a fight and knows how to use a gun.

Emily Hartwood. She is Jeremy Hartwood's niece and spent a part of her childhood at Derceto. Several troubling incidents from that time remain in

Figure 1-2
The Character Selection screen. Choose to play *Alone in the Dark* as either Emily Hartwood, niece of creepy Derceto's late owner, Jeremy Hartwood or hard-bitten private detective Edward "Reptile" Carnby.



her memory. She remembers her uncle showing her a secret drawer in the piano. She is more than a little afraid, but this is offset by her deep curiosity.

Why is it that Carnby doesn't back away from a fight, while Hartwood is more than a little afraid? The answer lies in the difference in their backgrounds. Hartwood had a wealthy and sheltered childhood, whereas Carnby knew only the harsh atmosphere of an orphanage and the grim reality of life on the streets. In any case, Emily may be scared, but that doesn't stop her from blowing those creepy-crawlies straight back to hell! Here's how she enters the story:

The attorney's letter came as a deep shock to me. My uncle Jeremy had died by his own hand! The coroner's report was unequivocal: he hanged himself in the loft. My initial surprise and distress past, I considered the news; it seemed clear that Derceto had exercised a thoroughly morbid influence on my uncle's mind.

That creaking old mansion, with its unusual tales, its secret library door, the ancient upstairs clock, all those occult books that my uncle could not resist reading, in spite of his fragile nerves... Fate had pointed its finger. Derceto had trapped its prey.

Mr. MacCarfey, the family lawyer, suggested selling the old house; I immediately opposed the idea.

My duty is clear: I must go to Derceto. I tremble at the thought of those dark corridors, those brooding portraits. Yet I am convinced that Uncle Jeremy left a note, a letter of some kind, explaining his fateful decision.

I remember his voice saying, "Look at the piano, Emily. Look harder." Maybe the secret drawer will yield up an explanation. I have the feeling things will not be so simple. Life is a mystery, containing more mysteries. Jeremy taught me that much.

Now is the time to confront the mysteries. Derceto is waiting for me. I pray that my fear is nothing more than the fruit of my imagination.

Nothing will ever persuade me that my uncle was insane. But why did he, according to the police report, block the loft window with the old wardrobe?

A final extract, this time from *The Mystery Examiner*, sets the scene:

The Pain of Solitude

By special correspondent Harold McGruder

Pale shafts of dawn sunlight reveal the rope lying grotesquely on a wooden floor. The somber wings of death flapped raven-like in this lonely loft, and a man ended his troubled days. Jeremy Hartwood is no more.

A tipped-over stool, a makeshift knot... For local Police Chief Drake, the death was clearly a suicide: "Everything points to it. There's no evidence of a struggle. This is an open and shut case."

And yet, for the amateur detective (a species not unknown among our esteemed readership!), several questions are unanswered and foul play remains a possibility. Allow me to shed the light of reason on these shadows of doubt.

While Mr. Hartwood appears not to have left a suicide note (not at all unusual in cases of suicide, contrary to popular belief), those closest to the deceased described him as being sickened of life, disillusioned with an existence that seemed void of meaning. According to his trusted butler, he was "a broken man since the death of his poor father. He tried to overcome his grief by intensive study but was haunted by visions of horror." Readers may care to read Frank Thorndike's fascinating article on the subject of those visions.

Living in the secluded confines of his immense house, Derceto, Jeremy Hartwood's life gradually turned into a nightmare. I myself managed to lose my way in Derceto's shadowy corridors and for several minutes experienced some of the fear that Hartwood lived with day after day.

Is it surprising that a man whose nerves had already been sorely tested, and who spent all his time in so oppressive an atmosphere, should have turned to what surely seemed the only way out of an intolerable life?

The Things in the House


The manuscript texts (reproduced in the Carnby Papers) that the detective discovered during his exploration give the best account of the Derceto story. Essentially, Carnby learned the facts leading to Jeremy Hartwood's death and the secret that cursed the Derceto mansion.


On his way to learning the truth about the unsavory Captain Pregzt (alias E. Pickford), Carnby faced several beings from the Cthulhu mythos. Let me introduce you to a few of the gang:





The Deep Ones In *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, Lovecraft describes these servants of Cthulhu as slimy gray-green fish-frog anthropoids with pulsating gills. They live in undersea cities. On land, they hop and croak and enjoy breeding with humans. The hybrid children tend to be found in coastal communities; they start out looking like you or me, only not quite so adorable. As adults, they turn into Deep Ones. Humans with just a drop of

Deep One blood may seem normal, except for the webbed hands, the big eyes, and the smell.

 **Dimensional Shamblers** Is it a gorilla? A giant mutant insect? Worse, it's a Dimensional Shambler. Like many of the mythos monsters, this one is half-formed and lethal. They're an independent race, although they are said to serve the Outer Gods and even the Great Old Ones from time to time. As their name suggests, Dimensional Shamblers make lousy dancing partners, but they do have a neat party trick: they can wander at will between the dimensions. And they can take you with them. So never accept an invitation to do the Charleston with one of these cuties.

 **Nightgaunts** Lovecraft described them in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*. They're vaguely humanoid with some optional extras like horns, barbed tails, prehensile paws, and wings. They don't have faces, however, so don't bother offering them lipstick or nose-rings for their birthdays. These weird creatures will tickle you to death. Literally! You'll be relieved to know they're only a lesser servitor race. Their master is Nodens, Lord of the Great Abyss, who happens to like people. And I don't mean as breakfast. Nodens is genuinely likeable—at least compared to the Outer Gods.

 **Cthonians** These giant worm- or slug-like beings communicate telepathically to family members all over the world. So, if you're best buddies with a Cthonian in Milwaukee, you'll be made welcome by his cousin deep beneath Ulan Bator. But to be honest, that's not very likely to happen. If you do meet a Cthonian one day, it probably won't bother to blast you with telepathic paralysis, unless you are carrying one of its eggs. Well, you'd do the same thing, if someone was carrying one of yours.

 **Hunting Horrors** Imagine 40 feet of tough, writhing snake with sharp teeth at one end. Throw in one or two hideous bat-type wings, and we're talking one of the greater servitor races. It can whip you while biting chunks out of your body. Or it can hold you with its tail while biting chunks out of your body. It can even fly off with your partly eaten body tucked under a leathery wing. These horrors hunt on Nyarlathotep's orders.

How Carnby Defeated the Things

Carnby was lucky. He didn't know everything we know about the creatures he met in and under Derceto! So he didn't lose his mind. I can't guarantee the same for you, of course; you know too much.

The Carnby Papers, Part 1

Editor's Note

I came across these documents while researching Edward Carnby, a private detective well-known in parapsychology circles for his involvement with a number of so-called "occult mysteries" during the 1920s and 30s. All traces of his life in New Orleans ended abruptly in April 1935. I have not been able to learn anything of his subsequent whereabouts or activities.

On September 18, 1991, I was in Patsy Mulholland's bar off New Orleans' well-known Bourbon Street. It had been one of Carnby's haunts back in the 20s, and apart from the karaoke facilities, it hasn't changed much. The barkeep hadn't heard of the detective, but an elderly man at a nearby table had. His name is George Neames.

Mr. Neames tended bar during the 30s, and worked for some years at Patsy Mulholland's. He knew Carnby as well as most men would have, which wasn't very well since the detective was something of a loner. The facts that concern us here are these: One day, in April 1935, Carnby walked in and handed Mr. Neames a black leather box. He asked the young barman to keep it for him, as he was leaving town and intended to travel light.

Mr. Neames put that box in his attic and forgot about it until he heard me asking questions in Patsy Mulholland's more than half a century later. He authorized me to inspect the contents of the box. I intend to fully reveal my findings at a later date. For the time being, however, I am prepared to divulge the following extracts, with Mr. Neames' kind permission. These case notes, made by Carnby, concern the two cases which are the subject of the *Alone in the Dark* mysteries. The first dates from 1921; the second from three years later.

—Leonard Keppard
Promontory Point
October 1993



Figure 1-3

"In the Beginning..."

Looks like an attic, doesn't it? Here's where you take over.

Derceto

I saw some weird things in that house, and I don't expect anybody else to believe me, except maybe Ted. Maybe one day, even I won't believe me. What I intend to do is write down exactly what I saw and did, no more and no less. In case anyone should happen to read this, all I want to say to you is: If you think I made the story up, you're lucky.

As soon as I got into the Derceto place, I went up to the attic, like Gloria Allen wanted, to look at the piano. A winged creature like



Figure 1-4

Attic. First things first. Immediately push the wardrobe in front of the attic window...or face the slavering, bloody wrath of a Derceto hellhound.

nothing you're supposed to see tried to get in the window and attack me! I pushed the big wardrobe in front of the window. That solved the immediate problem. However, I was going to face a whole army of weird problems that night, starting with a zombie. Zombies are animated dead people. One was trying to come up through the trap door to kill me! The jealous type, I guess. So I pushed the chest over the trap door. Safe at last! The attic was pretty empty, but since I was going to explore the whole house, I decided to take the gun from the chest, the Indian rug from the wardrobe, and the oil lamp. You never know when things may come in handy. I took a look at the piano; behind it, there was a letter.

They are coming. I have freed hellish forces and now the price must be paid. Derceto is the prey of evil. The sun has set.

They will find my body but will not have my soul.

I can imagine the master's fury and the terror in the hearts of his slaves.

I hear their footsteps.

Some may understand what I have done.

May God forgive me. Farewell.

Jeremy Hartwood.

The bookcase yielded a volume of myths and legends, which I leafed through. One passage in particular proved useful a little while later:



Figure 1-5
Attic. Next, hurry to the old chest and push it over the trap door. This prevents the zombie from arising.

Figure 1-6
Attic. Take the old
Indian cover from the
wardrobe, then (as
shown here) take the
rifle from the chest.
Finally, take the oil lamp
from the desk.



Fragment of the Myth of the Golden Fleece

Translation:

Edouard de Vielban

Hesperides Publications

Then Perseus came across Ichios, who had been turned into stone. He spoke to his companions and said, "Beware of the Medusa. He who looks into their eyes is doomed to the same fate as that which befell poor Ichios and will never more set eyes on Seriphos."

"Must we go blindfolded?" asked Ymelops.

"Take up your bronze shields and polish them until they flash in the sun," answered Perseus. "Fill your hearts with courage. May Artemis guide us as though we were an arrow from her quiver."

But Ymelops was not satisfied. "Why do that, Perseus? Is three inches of sharpened metal not enough to destroy

these accursed creatures?" Then Perseus drew his sword, which shone and glittered in the sun, and with it he dazzled Ymelops.

"Now what can you see?" The companions of Zeus' son laughed. "Let us set to work, so that our shields may shine like mirrors."

I left through an opening near some barrels and went down to a kind of storage room on the third story. Not for the first time that night, I was in luck. I found a can of oil on a shelf, used it to fill up the lamp, and left the empty can behind. On my way out, I grabbed a bow. Now I was in a corridor with a choice of doors. I opened the first on the left and found myself in a red room with a portrait of a pirate. The key on the desk opened a chest that contained an old cavalry sabre. The sword didn't look like it could survive a friendly duel with a zombie marshmallow, but I took it anyway. I left the key; it had served its purpose. I opened the door, and something vile and pink advanced toward me. I'll admit I took a second or two to realize it couldn't be Mrs. Peabody from my old orphanage. By that time I was backed up against the window. As soon as it reached me, I started kicking it. The thing finally went down.

Back in the corridor, I went through the door opposite the bedroom I'd just left. This green room was occupied by a bear! I must have been ringing alarm bells without knowing it; here was another



Figure 1-7
Outer Hallway. Search
the shelf for the oil can.
As you leave, don't
forget to take that
bow on the floor
(by the door).

Figure 1-8
Desk Room. Search the rolltop desk to retrieve the key. Then use the key to retrieve the saber from the chest in the corner.



of the living dead. I kicked him for a while, and he eventually dropped to the floor. A doorway led directly to the adjoining pink bedroom. A vase looked full of secrets, so I took it. Then a deranged chicken flew in through the window and started hopping at me. Should I chop it with the sabre? Wear out my shoes some more? Or just shoot the damn thing? I shot it. I heard something in my vase, so I threw it down to smash it. What do you know? A key to the dresser! The dresser contained two small mirrors, which I took; I can be vain at times. I didn't take the key with me, though. I'm like that with keys.

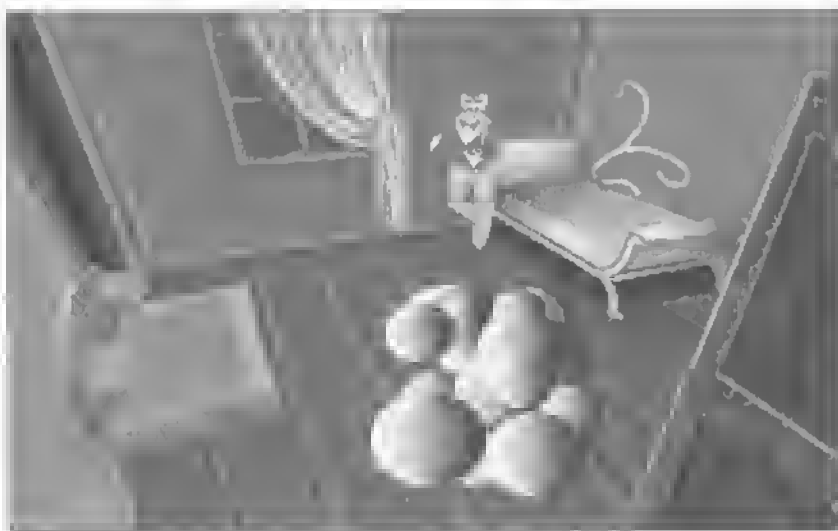


Figure 1-9a
Desk Room. Ah, combat at last. A few good kicks will produce a kaleidoscopic spattering of zombie guts until...



Figure 1-9b
...poof! Zombie evisceration!

Figure 1-10
Dressing Room. Kick
the living daylights—
excuse me, the dead
daylights—out of the
zombie that follows you
into the Dressing Room.



I crossed the corridor again and went into the bathroom. I could have used a shower, but I don't like to abuse anybody's hospitality, so I made a beeline for the closet instead. I was glad to see that the first aid kit had a flask of "get well" juice in it. I swallowed my medicine like a good boy and then got rid of the flask and the kit. Back in the corridor, I noted with professional satisfaction that I had explored all the accessible rooms. So I went through the end door and found myself on a landing at the top of some stairs. I found a couple of the regular residents there, unclean creatures with an

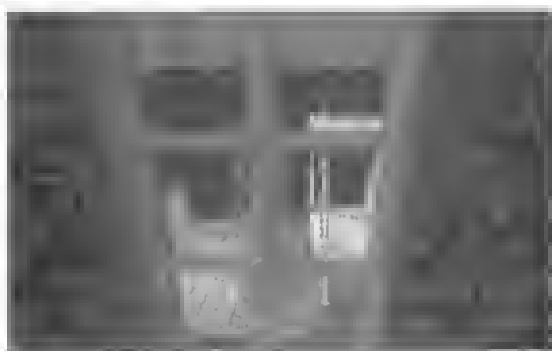


Figure 1-11a
Outside Bedroom. After you take the vase, turn fast
and get that rifle ready. Someone's watching you
from outside the window...



Figure 1-11b
...and here he comes!

Figure 1-12

Bedroom. Blast the "deranged chicken" (as Carnby calls him) with the rifle. Aim well, and don't let the beast get close; it'll take a few shots to put him down for good.



attitude problem. I thanked Zeus for all the Greek classical literature I'd been studying lately. Taking in hand my two little mirrors and being careful to stay beyond the reach of Tweedledum and Tweedlestoopid, I placed a mirror on each of the statues that stood in the corners of the landing. I guess no one had ever told those boys how pretty they weren't, because when they found out, it took their breath away. I was now free to explore the second story.

At the foot of the stairs I found myself in a hallway with quite a few available directions. I turned right and went through a door,

Figure 1-13

Bathroom. Be sure to take the First Aid Kit from the cabinet in the upstairs bathroom.





Figure 1-14a
Hallway. By the way, here's what happens if you decide to walk down the upstairs hallway. You end up as the fall guy...



Figure 1-14b
...and all Hell breaks loose.

avoiding the temptation to play with a suit of armor. I discovered a classy lounge in blue, with a ghost sitting in the middle. I steered clear of her, because those folks can be irritable when you're stealing stuff from under their noses. I took the gramophone and loaded my shotgun with some cartridges from the closet. Near the fireplace, I grabbed a sturdy-looking poker and some matches. Then I tiptoed out respectfully.

Again resisting the temptation to play with the armor, I crossed right to the other side of the stairs and went through the door directly facing me at the end of a short passage and into a red bedroom.

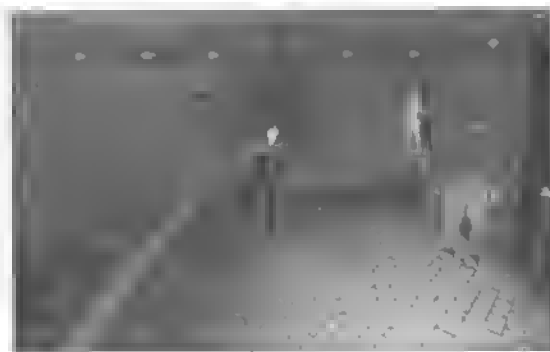


Figure 1-15a, b
Upper Lobby. Put the small mirrors on both statues...and stay close to the wall at all times!

Figure 1-16

Sitting Room. Lots of stuff to take from here...but keep clear of the sitting ghost. Take the gramophone, shotgun cartridges (closet), poker and matchbox (fireplace). Then "tiptoe out respectfully."



I saw a journal on the mantelpiece. A ghoul flew in the window and didn't want me to read the notebook. I hate it when they do that. I killed him and read it anyway.

Diary of J. Hartwood

September 27, 1924

I have decided to keep this diary.

Too many inexplicable events have taken place recently. Never have dreams so



Figure 1-17a, b

Diary Room. The beast will pounce as soon as you take the notebook, so be ready. A good tactic: Arm yourself with the rifle first, then back into the notebook. That way you're ready to fire.

haunted my every waking moment. Perhaps my romantic mind was too dull, and has only now woken up to these new paths and visions.

Some, seeing my recent paintings, may question my sanity. I can only ask them, "What is sanity? Where does madness begin?"

September 28, 1924

The night is pitch black. I am again drenched in sweat. I was wandering in dunes, among giant standing stones. They were arranged in a circle and the wind whistled about them.

I plunged my hand into the soil, and felt that repulsive thing which was trying to catch me.

It seized me. I struggled to break free of its loathsome embrace and managed to tear my hand away; it was covered in sticky substance. I was gripping a knife....

October 5, 1924

The stone circle is a pentacle. Derceto's library is filled with books on the occult.

I will study those books until I find some explanation for the dreams. The visions that haunt me must be connected to my discoveries. I shall have to undertake a profound exploration of my dreams.

December 16

Dear God! I have found the knife. It was hidden here, and what I have learned fills me with apprehension. It is a sacrificial dagger, belonging to some unholy cult.

The thought of that blade tearing through human flesh horrifies me. Yet I

must continue my research. Derceto is a storehouse of treasures.

Was my father right after all?

January 23

I spend all my days plunged in dusty books. The servants are convinced I am mad. At night, I awaken them with my screams.

The dreams are draining what sanity I still have. I have tried staying awake, but in vain.

My visions have changed, no doubt the influence of my father's research.

February 7, 1925

The dark man (that is what I call him) has revealed his true face to me. He appeared, as usual, near the fireplace; but this time, he approached me.

His terrible smile will haunt me to my dying day. His breath was ice and his burning eyes froze me: I could not move! I know, as surely as I have ever known anything, that the face I saw, the face that has turned my nights into hellish torture, is the mask of death.

March 10

My exhaustion is beyond description. The endless reading burns my eyes.

It seems that pirates frequented the area. Dr. Herbert insists I keep to my bed. I have moved to another bedroom and sleep much better now.

The dark man has not gone, however. I know it. He will wait for as long as he must. . . . Unless I, Jeremy Hartwood, can find a way to send him back to whatever hell he comes from.

March 11

My poor knowledge of Greek and Latin is a serious handicap to my reading. I have nevertheless made a great step forward. I drew the symbol on the floor: he can no longer go there. I want him to understand that I can do the same thing in my bedroom. I can imagine his rage and frustration: only last night he found his way back into my dreams.

March 13

The translation will seriously dent what money I have left. I cannot paint!

My pictures are clearly the work of a lunatic. The collector Thornhill's embarrassed smile was proof of that. . . .

March 29

He has come back. . . . He found the door to my dreams. I am too weary to attempt any defense.

I have no strength left to fight and he knows it. He considers me dead already. Could I possibly. . . .

March 30

How ironic. . . . The cave my father sought for so many years is here. . . . beneath the house. Waites the butler discovered a crack in the cellar wall. A breeze blows in through it, icy and repugnant. . . .

I am filled with horror at the thought of my father dying in this place. I will carry to my grave the vision of his face contorted in the agony of that fatal heart attack.

His body was twisted. He had wept. . . . His fingernails were torn and bloody from scrabbling at the floor.

Dr. Gray concluded that death had been due to a heart attack. It was

Waites who, some time later, was informed that my poor father had in fact bitten off his tongue and choked on his own blood.

March 31

I explored the caverns in a dream. The dark man came with me.

Strangely, I felt almost well.

How can I describe what I saw? No. What words are capable of explaining such evil?

I realized that my death was of no interest to him. The dark man wants something else; he seeks a body.

His avid servants are now free. . . .

I am the cause. It is almost funny.

A curse is on Derceto, from the foundations to the very rooftop.

I can no longer struggle, let alone eradicate the evil that grips the house. The end is very near. I can feel it. I have taken the decision to. . . .

May he who finds this diary pray for my soul.

I closed the diary thoughtfully. Derceto was beginning to make me nervous.

I left the red bedroom and turned left down a corridor. The first door on the left was to a bathroom—a bathroom with a problem. After a couple of attempts, I finally came up with a solution that worked; before going in, I got ready to open and search. Then I went in, got the water jug, then walked straight over, and stood beside the closet. I opened it and found a first aid kit. I grabbed the kit and backed out of there fast, because the thing in the bathtub looked like a very big jellyfish with no clothes on. Back in the little corridor, I got into a fighting mood. I rushed back into that bathroom, took the water jug to the bathtub, and whacked the jellyfish. Then I high-tailed it out of there. I paused long enough to swallow the healing liquid that nestled in a flask in the kit.

Facing me, at the end of the little corridor, was a darkened room. Before going in, I used my matches to light the oil lamp. Once inside,

Figure 1-18
Bathroom. This is a tough one. The tub monster is invincible, so run in and grab the waterjug before you open the cabinet for the first aid kit. Then drink the healing potion and get out fast!



I put the lamp down on the floor and looked around. From the bedside table, I took some revolver bullets. On the table stood a hefty statuette and a book. I took these things and left the room, not forgetting my lamp, which I remembered to douse. Discipline is my watchword. Before going further, I leafed through some passages in the book.

A Brightness from Afar
By Lord Boleskine
An account of his celebrated
voyage to New England
1824

Aleister Publications
Cambridge

Following a splendid journey, the sunny harbour come into sight. The locals were much impressed with one's arrival in their midst. One had time to sketch several of them and notice signs of degeneracy. Some children showed out their queer hands; that would inspire unease in polite society.

Upon the promise of a few coins, a child has undertaken to reveal to one a most

Figure 1-19

Dark Room. Use the matchbox to light the oil lamp before you enter this room. Then go in and grab the heavy statuette, the book, and the revolver bullets.



"prodigious phenomenon" of a natural order. One admits to being skeptical as to the prodigiousness of the marvel, whatever it may be; indeed, one suspects it to be little more than an evening stroll to some charming wooden hut situated in the forest hereabouts. One will nonetheless go, for it is always well to submit to such local enthusiasms.

One admits to being somewhat flabbergasted! The Milky Way shone like the fires of the Apocalypse from the inky celestial vault. Certain distant stars, normally invisible to the naked eye, were clearly visible, glittering indeed with a strange intensity. The heavy clouds that had settled above the village had no hold over that place. It would be pointless to offer here the names of the constellations one perceived in utter clarity; apart from the interminable length of such a list, one might conceivably risk being charged with exaggeration!

The cross cast its shadow on the ground.
The sea, in the distance, was dead calm.
Tonight one will return to that spot and
draw those stars. Tomorrow night, one
will at last see Halley's comet in all
its brilliance. The youngster will carry
torches. Despite one's developed sense of
direction, honed by years of travel, one
feels incapable of finding one's way
through the dark forest unaided.
The drawings will, one is convinced, set
light to the souls of men!

Such a moon! One lost count of the
craters, so sharply was their
definition. Loath as one is to seem
excessive in one's appraisal, one cannot
but feel that the forest clearing is
indeed a place outside the common laws
of time and space. Surely it is not an
hallucination!

How strange to consider that idle
conversation, some research in the
British Museum, and a voyage to this
backward village should culminate in so
astounding a discovery. It may be that
others have noticed the extraordinary
nature of that place; how else could one
explain the presence of that cross?

Setting aside His Loony Lordship's musings, I turned right and
right again, going down to the end of the corridor. The door opened
into a picture gallery. There was a painting to the left of the door. It
looked like Davy Crockett, only this one was a no-good critter. Luckily,
I had my Indian blanket, so I threw it over the picture. That put Davy
back to sleep. The gallery was kind of creepy, even for me. I went a
couple of yards and noticed something yellowish and perfidious at
the far end. I decided to come back a little later.

I returned to the hallway where the suit of armor was waiting.
Taking careful aim, I threw my statuette at it. I must have done the
right thing, because I ended up with its sword.

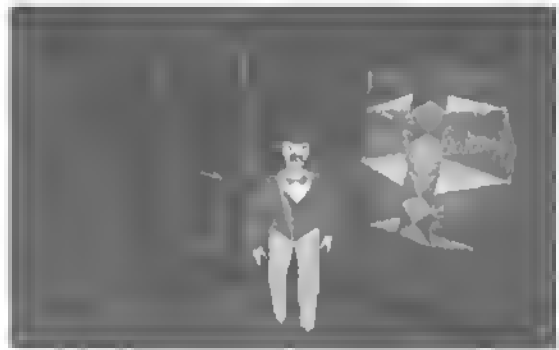


Figure 1-20a, b

Portrait Hallway. Looks like Davy Crockett with an attitude. Better to cover up art this ugly. That old Indian blanket will do just fine.

I went down the stairs and turned left into the conservatory. While admiring a lovely statue there, I noticed three arrows. Since I had a bow, taking the arrows seemed like a good idea. The local spider population disagreed. I had just about enough time to get out of there.

Back up to the picture gallery on the second story. I advanced, bow loaded and ready. At the far end of the long room, I could make out a jaundiced picture getting xenophobic; it looked like an Indian. That gallery wasn't big enough for the both of us, so I shot him.

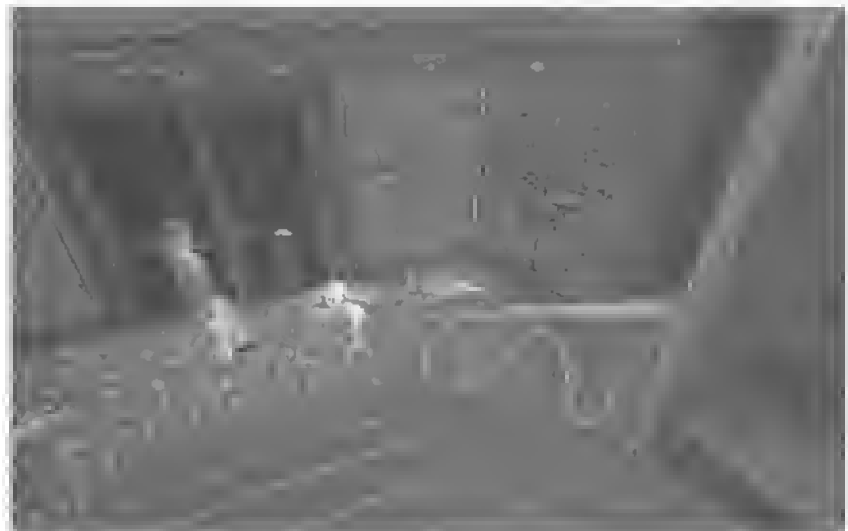


Figure 1-21

Lower Lobby. Don't touch that knight! Instead, throw the very heavy statuette at him, then take his sword.

Figure 1-22
Conservatory. Spider
alert! When you take the
three arrows from the
statue, you trigger an
arachnid attack. Hurry
out - they won't follow.



The way was clear to enter a room at the end of the gallery. Having read Hartwood's journal, I realized this must be his "new" bedroom. I pushed the clock and discovered a key and a parchment in a hole. I also took a book from the table. I read the parchment feverishly:

The Creatures of Night

By Hubertus
the Bald

translated from Latin
by his brother in prayer
Fratre Johan Markus

Of Monstrosity

You who read me, know that night
engenders monsters and that night
creatures exist. The accursed book
of Abdul Al Azred is clear on this
matter:

"That is not dead which can eternal lie."

Unhappy he who knows that book.

Unhappy he whose eyes alight upon
that foulest of texts.

Figure 1-23
Hall of Portraits. Don't go more than halfway down the gallery! Use your bow to shoot arrows into the Indian portrait at the far end of the hall.



Unhappy he who implores the
standing stones.
For he will free the powers of darkness.

Of the Pit

Stagnant waters are like the memory of
men. Beneath the surface calm, clawed
beasts await and are known to initiates
as the Deep Ones.

Figure 1-24
Jeremy's Bedroom.
Here's the room where
Jeremy Hartwood had
all those bad dreams.
Geez, wonder why?



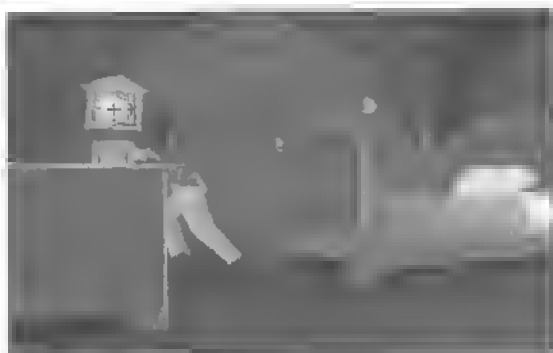


Figure 1-25a

Jeremy's Bedroom. After you push the grandfather clock aside...

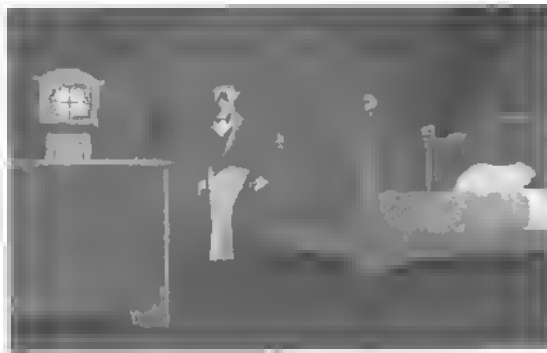


Figure 1-25b

...search the hole in the wall for a key and a parchment. Don't forget to take the book from that desk in the foreground as well.

Awaiting his prey, the Deep One seizes him and drags him down to the abyss where Dagon the cruel god swims and reveres him whose name may not be pronounced.

Of Libraries

Unhappy he who frees the prowler.

Unhappy he who meets the prowler erring among the books. He generates the vagabond that comes from other spheres. He believes the vagabond does not exist. He will feel the embrace of death for, in the eyes of the vagabond, books are no more than dreams, stone no more than wind. The vagabond knows how to take the breath of the reckless.

Of Strife

He who speaks does not know and believes he is able to kill the creatures of the night. Folly. Evil is conjured up by science and secrecy. He who prowls among books will perish by the blade. He who flies in the dark caverns will scream in fear. He who swims in the depths will

evaporate. But he who believes he knows, knows nothing. He who knows says nothing.

Of Death

There are domains more terrible than death. That is not dead which can eternal lie. Each creature is conjured up and is not dead but returns to the origins. A monster, a science. Steel kills the vagabond who never dies.

Translator's note

Here ends the manuscript of
Hubertus, who died in the library
of the convent of Taroella in
the year of Our Lord 1666.

Requiescat in pace.

+ + +

I returned to the picture gallery. Halfway along and to the left was the door into the library. Before entering, I lit my lamp again. Inside the large, book-lined room, I headed quickly for the far left corner. I didn't feel able to destroy the half-ape, half-beetle blob-monster. I set down the lamp and rummaged in the bookcase to my left, finding a strange mechanism! The "book" I had just found in Hartwood's new bedroom appeared about the right size, so I placed it in the

Figure 1-26
Library. Save your game
here at the entrance to
the Library. Trust
me...your visit will not
be pleasant. A foul,
indestructible blob
monster is just waiting
for you to mess with
his books.



Figure 1-27
Library. Here's the spot
where you trigger the
mechanism. Use the
book you just found in
Jeremy's bedroom to
open the secret door,
then hurry in.



mechanism. Eureka! A secret door opened a little to my left. I went into the hidden room and discovered a treasure trove of objects and information. I picked up a talisman, as well as three daggers. I also saw several parchments, a green book, and a yellow one. I opened the green volume:

Juan Luis Jorge

De Bibliotheco
Reflections on
the power of the verb
in certain texts

Archaos Publications

1919

Stafford

Translation does not alter the occult
power contained within such forbidden
texts.

The malevolent energy is in no way
diminished. The spell must be cast aloud
and clearly, in certain languages or
little-known dialects. . . .

M'ghlafg fthang. . . .

Figure 1-28

Secret Room (Library).
Pick up that talisman on
the shelf ahead of you.

Be sure you also grab
the curved dagger from
the bookshelf behind
you. Otherwise you'll
never get past the
"librarian."



The reader will understand that, in the light of these revelations, I would be foolhardy to continue quoting from the text I have before me. If spoken aloud in its entirety, it would surely awaken powerful and malignant forces. I will go further and say that simple reading of some of the more technical passages, describing specific practices, is in itself a perilous exercise: the ill-prepared reader can easily fall prey to attacks of demented hysteria not unlike those described in cases of individuals said to be possessed by evil spirits*.

*I recommend the study made by Zempf, "Urbain Grandier and Loudun," and the reports made by the Reverend Richard Price concerning a number of astonishing (to say the least) exorcisms carried out in a parish near Providence.

Given what I have written, we must be grateful to the librarians of the British Museum who have never allowed

consultation of the work of Al Azif's startling work, the infamous Necronomicon.

Copies of that work do exist, in spite of the zeal of book-burning inquisitors. For proof, we need look no further than the British Museum, of course, and the sealed archives of the Miskatonic University in Arkham.

Other examples of books whose evil can be unleashed by any thoughtless reader are Von Junzt's *Von unaussprechlichen Kulten* and the abominable *De Vermis Mysteriis* by Ludwig Prinn, whose sordid death should be a lesson to all those tempted by a study of the occult.

Something emanating from the yellow book was making the hairs on the back of my hand stand up. There was a magical star on the floor. I stood in the middle and opened the volume, anxious to know what was scaring me.

Ludwig Prinn

~~~~~

## De Vermis Mysteriis

~~~~~

In nomine invocatoris, si non sanctificatus es, cave.

De vermis mysteriis non absolvo follem legendum fatum et eum versus: "tibi, magnum innominandum signa stellarum nigrarum et..."

I staggered away from the symbol on the floor and dropped the book. What hope did the world have? Something like despair was closing in on me. In Europe during the war, I'd seen what panic can do if you don't snap out of it. I took a few deep breaths and regained my control.

Next, I read one of the parchments:

The Book of Yael
Signs of Stone
Eucharistic Rituals
Of Forbidden Cults.

+ + + +

Texts collated by
Monsignor Vachey
Legate in the Curia
of the Vatican

+ + +

Numerous devilish cults speak of monstrous creatures called the Old Ones. These supernatural beings are believed to be possessed of powers equivalent to those of the gods of antique religions. Adepts of such cults refer to forbidden literature in order to cause these frightful entities to appear before them. What serious student of folk myths has not come across the names of Cthulhu and Shub Niggurath? It must be said that these creatures wield tremendous power and are difficult to control once they have been unleashed into the world.

Those who serve "He who goes in shadows" protect themselves with signs of stone, carved into the walls of houses or engraved on various objects.

For these misguided servants of evil, the best protection appears to be that afforded by "the sign of the most ancient gods," engraved in MNAR stone, a heavy material, said to be disagreeable to the touch.

The sinful practices of those who fall into such errors can only lead to the darkest of despair and are a mortal danger to the soul.

Such monsters as those invoked by these foolhardy individuals are engendered when reason drops its guard.

Man is easily tempted into perversion. It is why we must forever remain alert and renounce Satan with each breath we take. His ways are infinite in number.

Somebody in Derceto had obviously been hanging out with the wrong set of gods. I couldn't picture anyone called Shub Niggurath helping old ladies to cross the street. The second parchment wasn't much more reassuring:

The Sacrificial Dagger

Otto Stern

* * *

Lumina Books

* * *

The importance placed on ritual sacrifice is constant in religious cult practice. Propitiating the gods is a theme common to many religions; the Old Testament affords many examples. Primitive polytheistic belief systems integrate sacrifice in their rituals as part of the recurrent process of reaffirmation and, naturally enough, group cohesion. The members of the social and religious community come together in an act of purification and atonement.

It would be erroneous to imagine the act of human sacrifice, linking priest, offering, and god (cf. Manzetti, "Stone Cults"), as anything less than a vital focusing of the group's faith.

The act also ensures the continuing appeasement of the god, but only if practiced by a recognized officiating priest using the appropriate instrument. Studies made concerning primitive

religious groups bear witness to the central role of sacrifice in living ritual.

My own work in the field of ethno-psychology brought me into contact with a sorcerer living in the region of Arkhom. He introduced me to the "rite of steel," linked to a ceremony known as "Adoring the Black Goat of the Woods with a thousand youngs." The god being odored is known as the Vagabond.

Here, the dagger's role, which allows the life-breath to pass from one dimension to another, is essential.

The Vagabond is a frightening figure, being able to move where he wants and to kill those who have displeased the goat-god for whom he acts as go-between. The goat is clearly a fertility god. The priest, having spoken the invocation, must choose the appropriate dagger for the sacrifice.

The knife with the sinusoidal blade that must be dipped seven times, on nights when the moon is full, in water that has been distilled a hundred times, will be laid aside, since it would send the Vagabond back into his own dimension (see illustration).

The priest will rather choose the dagger with the curved blade that is more appropriate for slitting of the lamb's throat. This act transfigures the sorcerer-priest and plunges the assembled worshippers into a divine trance.

That parchment gave me an idea. I took the dagger with the curved blade and went back into the library, where I pointed out to Blobso that it was closing time. He got the message, in the guts. Now I could get some reading done. There were four more books of interest in there. I tackled the green-bound ones first.



Figure 1-29a
Library. Tight quarters here in the stacks, but...



Figure 1-29b
...one good swipe of the curved dagger ought to turn your purple buddy into library bubbles.

The Sons of the Sun And of the Shadows

Lieutenant Lope de Vega's
account of his astounding travels
to the land of the Aztecs

"Holy Christ," cried Captain Cortez,
astonished by the strange rite we
beheld. We found the savages half-naked.
They were throwing balls of silver and
gold at each other. They laughed as
if demented, clearly maddened by some
heathen drug.

And yet, should one of them fail to
catch the ball thrown in his direction,
the poor devil was seized and dragged
off to be sacrificed in their temple.

As we discovered, this frightful game
was a ritual most holy to them, and
symbolized the movement of the heavenly
bodies. The dropping of a ball foretold
a catastrophe. That is what the Aztecs
believed, in their godless ignorance.
Their countless deities could only be
appeased through endless human
sacrifices. The victim's heart which
was still beating lay in the hand of the
murderous priest.

The interior of the temple was surprisingly cool. The weight of our armor, our exhaustion, even the burden of our suffering... they were all banished by the sense of awe that the crudely magnificent altar instilled. In the tomb-like silence, a deep voice chanted an incantation. The majestic statue of the water goddess Chalchihuitlicue seemed to throb with vitality. This massive stone, draped in a golden cloak and studded with precious stones, was coming to life before our very eyes.

Horror of horrors! The granite eyes of the statue, empty of life only moments before, were now injected with blood. We staggered back in amazement. Dom José was taken by a fit of convulsions. He tried to raise up his crucifix, as if to ward off an attack by demons. The heathen priest laughed cruelly. The statue's mouth cracked open in a deathly grin, baring teeth sharpened to dagger points. Captain Cortez cried "Attack!" But it was no use; we were glued to the spot.

Despite our efforts, we were unable to move. Our armors seemed to be bolted to the temple floor. Our legs weakened, and we collapsed in a thunder of steel. Only Cortez had the presence of mind to unsheathe his dagger. He hurled it at the cackling priest... four inches of the finest Toledo steel buried itself in the heathen's face. His blood spurted, splashing the now lifeless idol. We picked ourselves up with difficulty.

Never will I forget that terrible moment. My companions, naturally enough, told tales of devilish enchantments cast

upon our armor. Whatever the truth of that, I could not deny that the supreme god of the fourth universe had treated us as mere playthings. I am convinced that a terrible energy is yet contained within that heathen statue; a power strong enough to change a proud conquistador into a helpless puppet.

Drawing of Chalchihuitlicue
by Dom Jose De La Sierra
done before the destruction
of the Aztec temple of
Tenochtitlan.

The next book was no less fascinating:

Unfinished Chapter of Terra Incognita

by Jacob Van Ostadte

A hitherto unpublished fragment
of the manuscript, unearthed
following indications furnished
in the Vatican library's
Expurgatory Index

In those icy and unwelcoming lands, the rites of wizards and healers are deeply rooted in ancient legend. Mysterious and cruel beings are thought to have ruled over the Arctic plains in times past. A cursed city, enclosed by massive walls, is believed to stand to this day. It contains fabulous treasures and is inhabited by the degenerate descendants of those who instilled centuries of terror in the hearts of the people.

These people, naturally placid, are seized with rage and horror at the very mention of the "Prisoners of the Ice." Were these dreadful captives to be freed from their frozen cells, they would reap a horrifying tribute of human flesh.

These blood-curdling beings may be invoked by certain ritual words. They can even be contralled, albeit with the greatest af difficulty.

I admit to being impressed by these tales, repeated to me on many occasions and in a number of different places during my travels in the region. I have also seen troubling cult objects, sculpted in a material unknown to me. Another remarkable fact is that local Eskimos experience great distaste in pronouncing certain wards and invariably avoid saying them. Here is a living example af the power that words contain. As it is said in the Bible: In the beginning was the word.

The third book I selected was all about the history of the house:

If Rocks Could Talk

or

The Story of a Louisiana Plantation

*

*

by

The Marquis de Champfrey

After the criminal selling off of Florida by the foul usurper, my father elected ta remain in this inhospitable land where we were free at least to express our royalist feelings and hope our country would come to its senses. In 1818, a certain Pickford bought up Ledoux's land, after the paar fellow had ruined himself in unfortunate speculation. Pickford soon turned out to be the most loathsome human we had ever encountered.

He was an adventurer of the worst kind, nouveau riche and bloated with a grotesque sense of self-importance. First came the incessant army of men with shovels, digging into the mountain of earth that was to fill in the surrounding swamp. The undertaking was quite stupendous. We learned from a slave that the final objective was to connect the existing caves with another one of gigantic proportions.

Racked by a mania of persecution, Eliah Pickford constantly fired his workers and hired new ones. He did all he could to keep anyone from learning about his plans. My father was amused and said, "The poor fool will end up getting lost in his own cave!"

The walls went up and tongues started wagging. Our detestable neighbor had been a sailor, a ruffian grown rich on questionable trade. Distasteful stories were told of him.

When the work was finished, Pickford invited us to the opening of his rambling mansion, which he named "Derceto."

My father asked what the strange name meant.

Pickford answered, "Derceto reminds me of Astarte, the fertility goddess. Around here, the name is Shub-Niggurath, I believe." That a name so steeped in evil should be said aloud came as not such a shock to my father, as he himself confided in me some while later. We left immediately.

In June of 1862, Derceto was burned down in unexplained circumstances; it was undoubtedly the deed of some jealous Yankee or another. It was amazing to

watch the servants rushing into the flames to try and save their bullet-riddled master. After that terrible night, Derceto fell into ruin. Its blackened walls were soon overgrown, as human-built works always are, by ever-present nature.

In 1875, the property was eventually bought by a gentleman whose name was Howard Hartwood. I was sorry that my father, who delighted in fine conversation, was no longer alive to enjoy the company of this new neighbor. Learned and well-versed in history, he had made a particular study of piracy. It was Hartwood who told me that Pickford had commanded a ship that flew the flag of piracy. That explained the scoundrel's great wealth!

Hartwood was fascinated by Pickford and undertook a great deal of research in an attempt to find some treasure that he was convinced the pirate had hidden. He went through the ruins inch by inch. He then had the burnt-out house rebuilt exactly as it had been and refurbished the library that had miraculously escaped the flames on the night of the great fire. Hartwood set about studying every volume in that library and often talked to me of his research. He was a handsome widower, deeply attached to his son Jeremy, who was later to become a professional artist.

Hartwood worked incessantly, first from the room I offered him, then from his own freshly restored home, which he re-baptized Derceto; I imagine he hoped to enlist the help of the god of good fortune in his treasure hunt.

As far as I have ever been able to tell, all his searching came to nothing. There

was no lost treasure to be found at Derceto.

I learned of Hartwood's death while I was in Paris. But that, as they say, is another story.

The red book I read standing on my magic star in the secret room:

Fragments of the Book of Abdul

In the antique city of dead R'lyeh,
Cthulhu dreams and waits. In the pit of
time the unspeakable lies in wait. That is
not dead which can eternal lie. R'lyeh,
your blocks of stone seal the ritual
that gives birth to fear.

Cthulhu fhtagn,

Cthulhu fhtagn.

Iaeah.

Iaeah.

Let he who knows how to invoke the
stones act. It is time. Let the shadow
of Cthulhu darken the sky. May the servitor

Figure 1-30
Secret Room (Library).

Yow! Here's what happens if you read the red book (Fragments of the Book of Abdul) without first standing on the star on the the floor.



of the black Goat of the Woods with a
thousand youngs sound his flute
in honor of the unspeakable.

Cthulhu fhtagn,
Cthulhu fhtagn.

Iaeih.

Iaeih.

May he who may not be named cast his
withering gaze upon the unbeliever, for
he is the door, the key, and the guardian
of the door and holds you now in his
immense power.

May madness strike down he who reads and
thinks he understands. Nobody can pierce
the mystery and not pay the price. Nobody
can contemplate the face of gods with
impunity. If strength abandons he who
reads me, then may madness overcome him.

My next port of call was the kitchen, which meant going down
the stairs from the hallway to a large hall on the ground level, then
turning right. I grabbed two knives from the dresser and some
matches from a closet. I also took a pot of soup from the fireplace.

Next stop was the pantry, which was near the door I came in by. I
found a key in there, as well as some cookies, which I ate.



Figure 1-31
Kitchen. Take that pot of
soup in the corner. Then
check out the pantry on
the other side of the
kitchen entrance.

Figure 1-32
Pantry. Interesting little place. Grab that key on the ring right next to you. Have a biscuit or two while you're at it. (Search the counter for those.)

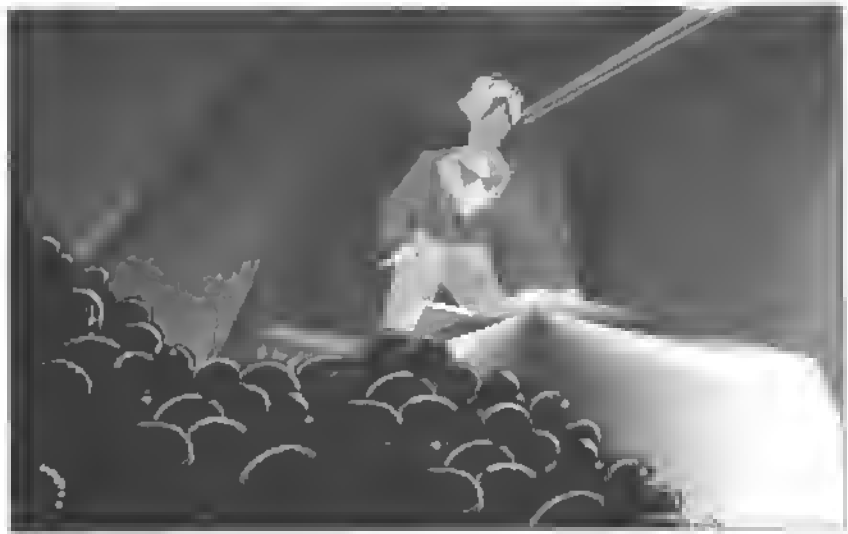


At the other end of the kitchen was a corner door leading into a kind of back kitchen. I went to the end of this room, then whipped round to see a zombie who was trying to sneak up on me. I enjoyed kicking those guys, so I did it to him. I didn't really want to search through the pile of coal. But being a gumshoe isn't just stomping on zombies, so I had a look and found me a shoebox. Were these new shoes to replace the ones I'd scuffed on the living dead? Well, I opened the box and took out not shoes but a dinky revolver! And that cellar held more goodies: I picked up a can of oil and even filled my water jug from the barrel.

Figure 1-33
Coal Closet. It's not a good idea to hang out with zombies in coal closets. Better to just kick the hell out of him, then grab stuff like that oil can in the corner. Fill your water jug, too.



Figure 1-34
Coal Closet. While you're here, you might want to discard junk like empty shoe- and biscuit boxes, empty oil cans, and other dead weight.



Back in the kitchen, I could see another door right beside the one to the coal closet. This door opened onto a small passageway. Directly facing me was yet another door; I opened it, walked directly to the table, and set down the pot of soup, which was getting very heavy. All the zombies present were so happy to be given some nourishment, they didn't take any notice of yours truly at all! So I went through to a room opposite. A cigar was burning in an ashtray. That's how fires get started, so I poured the jug of water on it. I left the jug, along with a record that I didn't want to listen to. However, I did acquire a lighter and a book, which contained this extract:

Figure 1-35
Dining Room. Set that soup pot on the table! The zombies will sit in their chairs like a bunch of...well, zombies. Then you can slip into the next room.

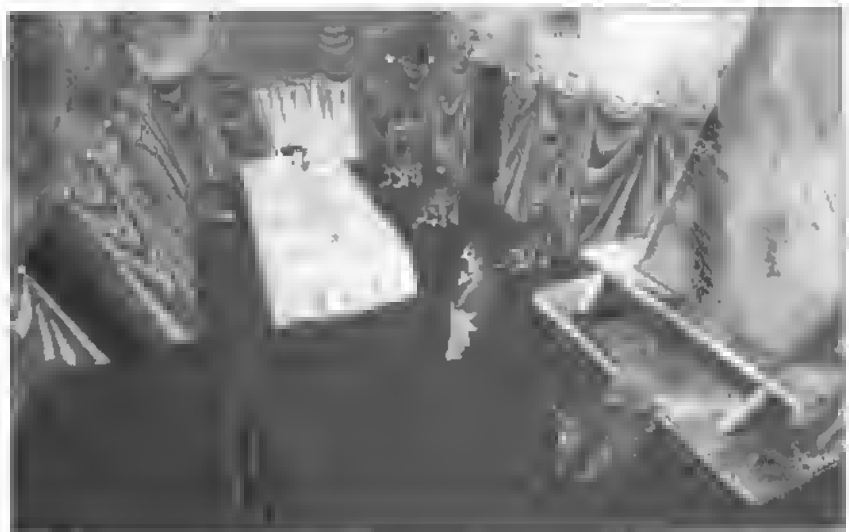




Figure 1-36a, b

Smoking Room. Dump your water jug on that smoking cigar as fast as you can. Asphyxiation has been known to be harmful to one's health.

Memories

By Alistair Boleskine

Printed in London

Editor, A. Machen

1833

It was during a conversation with G... that one first heard of the New England fishing village of I...

The area was apparently the ideal place from which to witness unusual phenomena in space.

The quality of the air, along with the conjunction of several favorable factors made one impatient to get started. Having gleaned what information one could from the British Museum, one set off with all haste.

One's work on space and comets in particular had met with a warm response, and one thought it judicious to include several original sketches of the phenomenon, sketches which one felt were sure to arouse a great deal of keen interest in the scientific circles of

1834. . . . One refers naturally to the passage of Halley's comet.

Editor's note: Lord Boleskine's Memoirs end at this point. Who knows what extraordinary contributions he might still have made had he not succumbed, during his visit to New England, to dementia, followed by an early death in St. Andrew's Hospital?

That Boleskine was quite a lulu. The key I had taken from behind the clock in Hartwood's new bedroom allowed me access into the adjoining room. In the back right corner stood a bookshelf, in which lay a book and a record. I kept the record, and leafed through the book:

THE TALE OF CAPTAIN J. W. NORTON

of the Army

of the Union

June 17, 1862.

The South was in collapse. Louisiana was open to us. I had, each day, to requisition victuals for our troops and was aided in this endeavor by a score of brave men. The rebels were not yet ready to lay down their arms. The region was far from safe. I headed further and further west and questioned many freed slaves. From them I learned of a plantation on the coast. Its name was Derceto.

We received a less than hearty welcome. Only Pickford, the owner, behaved in a friendly manner. While my men counted cattle and grain reserves, I learned what I could from him.

The man was most unusual and possessed an extraordinarily cultured mind. At nightfall, I gave orders for the men to bivouac at Derceto. Pickford invited my

second in command, Lieutenant Patterson, and myself to dine.

The evening was splendid, and our host proved a most entertaining conversationalist. While coffee was being served, Patterson went to inspect the men's camp. The cigar Pickford offered me was so acrid that my head began to spin. I remembered campfire tales of fellow officers trapped by devilish Confederate tricks. My mind floated in a foul and dense fog from which emerged the enlarged and deformed face of Pickford. He grinned at me.

Patterson's return chased off the nightmare. I heard shouts and firing from outside and found the strength to take out my revolver. I fired three shots. Pickford fell to the floor. Patterson then helped me out of the burning house. The air was filled with smoke. We resembled a company in disorderly retreat. I saw slaves leaping into the flames of that inferno. They were trying to save Pickford's life.

Figure 1-37
Jeremy's Study. Put the
old cavalry saber on the
coat of arms to open
this secret passage to the
caverns.



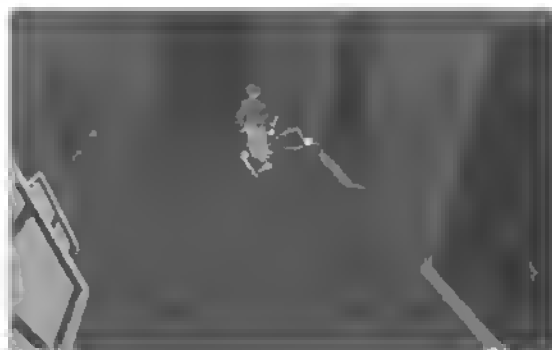
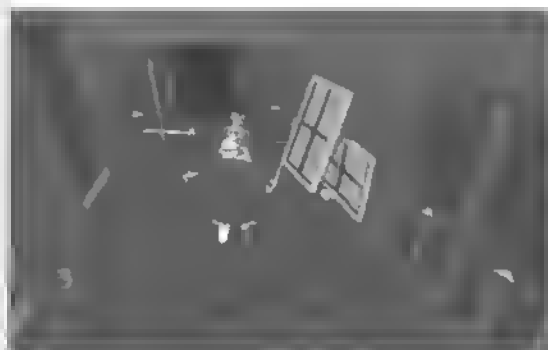


Figure 1-38a, b

Pirate's Room. This guy may seem tough at first, but one strategy always works: Back him into the corner. To do this, keep hacking away, but make little advances whenever Pegleg steps back. After his last yo-ho, pick up that key he leaves behind.

I didn't really know what to do about the plaque in that room, so I just placed the old sabre on it. That turned out to be pretty smart; I discovered an entrance that looked like it led down to an underground cave complex. I decided to finish my exploration of the ground level before lowering myself into the bowels of the Earth!

Across the front hall from the smoking room was a painter's studio containing a vicious dead pirate who was pretty handy with a cutlass. Wielding the sword I had taken from the suit of armor, I managed to back him into a corner, where he proved vulnerable to my relentless attacks. The sea dog was carrying a key, which I took. I found another book in that room, which I read with interest. It dealt with the dangers of practicing the black arts! I didn't need a lot of convincing.

Demonia Particularis

Signs and Rituals

By Heinrich Cassel

RING Publications

The ritual of Invocation demands that the Officiant be pure. We have already described the complex operations to be followed in order to call those that sleep in superior dimensions.

We shall for the present limit ourselves to the sign of mutual recognition used amongst their number by adepts of the cult of the Old Ones. The sign also serves as protection when in the presence of a servant of evil.

The sign resembles a blessing, save that the first and little fingers are both folded beneath the thumb, whilst the second and third fingers are held up. It would appear that this sign has no effect on adepts of a certain rank with knowledge of particular secrets contained in the *Corpus Demonicus*. The use of such signs is not without considerable risk to the user during any attempt to call upon Those from Without.

Leaving the book for others to enjoy, I used the pirate's key to open the door to the adjoining ballroom. Music time! I put the disc from the room beside the smoking parlor onto the gramophone, and my zombie pals were soon tripping the light fantastic. Their dance routine was pretty precise. I figured out their itinerary and managed to slip through without touching them. There was a big key over the fireplace, which I reckoned would come in handy. Being

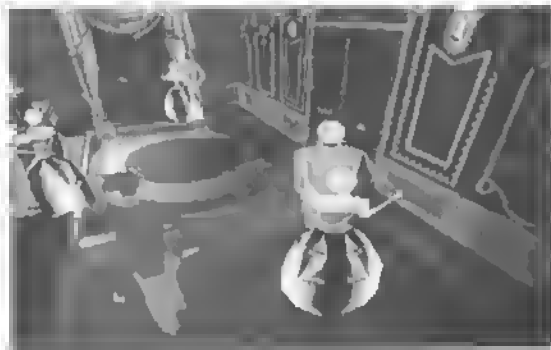


Figure 1-39a, b

Ballroom. Use the record from Jeremy's study to get the couples spinning. (You must have the gramophone.) Without touching them, slip up to the fireplace and grab that key!



Figure 1-40a

Basement. Come on down! If you don't mind a few bionic rats, you can pick up that pack of ammo on the back shelf...



Figure 1-40b

...or you can knock the block from the barrels in the corner, opening a passage into the Underground.

careful not to touch the oblivious dancers, I slipped back out of the room.

The key from the pantry finally came in handy. I still hadn't visited the cellar with the door near the conservatory where I had found the arrows. I went down the steps. Under the stairs I found a few welcome bullets. Some barrels were held up by a wedge. I removed it, taking care not to get crushed. On a shelf I saw a book, which I took down and read:

The Trial of Captain Pregzt
As reported by his faithful companion
Elishah Smith
 known amongst his fraternity by the
 awful name of
 Cap'n Elie Hell

Transcribed from the log
found aboard the wreck of the frigate
Astarte by H. Hartwood

"By all the devils!" roared Pregzt,
 glaring at William, the judge. "Curse
 it, Will, it would take much more than
 every cannon in the blasted Navy to make
 me change my mind!

"You're the greatest blackguard that ever
 joined our fraternity. Am I not Pregzt,

captain of the Astarte and bloodiest villain in all the seven seas? Bloody Ezech, they call me.

"And you think I'll tell you where I hid my treasure?"

The tribunal of the corsair's fraternity murmured at this. Pregzt was indeed all he claimed. The judge, One-Eyed William, slammed his fist on the table and silence was restored. "Shut your mouth, Pregzt. You didn't pay the Fraternity its rightful share, and that means only one thing: You'll hang by the neck from a yardarm, you scurvy cur.

"Here's the rape, twisted by Satan himself!"

"You threaten me, Will? Many a man better than yourself has lived to regret holding a cutlass in my face. You'll be begging for mercy, mark my words!"

That shook One-Eyed William and no mistake. Danny waved his hook in the air and shouted, "Pregzt was always a loud mouth! The law says we hang him!" The jurors took up the cry, "Hang him!"

It was Pregzt's turn to slam his fist on the table. He threw back his head and roared with laughter. "You fools. You want to kill what will never die? Try it!" Once more, the assembled corsairs murmured. There was unease in the air. They remembered what happened to Chuck the Gizzard-Slitter, the man who opened his mouth once too often.

It was night, and a bitter wind whipped the New England coast. Snug inside the Dead Horse Inn, one of the Astarte's men was talking. His name was Chuck, and his subject was black magic. He told stories of human sacrifices, voodoo rites and zombies.

He told a tale of a time when their luck was down and they were holed up in a Louisiana swamp. Pregzt went missing. When he returned, he shouted "'Tis the Devil that guides us now, me hearties!"

Whether that was true or not, the Astarte began taking loot after juicy loot. The favorite song of the Astarte's men, "Crash the Bones," was replaced by a new one:

"A skull! Go to port
Sabre! To starboard!
Pass over that will
And with death you'll deal.
If you cut a rope,
Cut the right I hope,
Or then, I don't mind
The death you will find."

The next day, as you may have guessed, Chuck's body was found with a dagger plunged between his shoulder blades. Chuck's face was fixed in a ghastly grin. Molten lead had been poured down his throat.

Whatever way things happened next, and I don't have the details, Pregzt was with us again and we set sail for Louisiana. We anchored the frigate not far from New Orleans.

Taking a few trusted companions with him, Pregzt set off into the swamp. They carried large wooden chests with them. Two days later, we heard shots being fired and screams.

Pregzt arrived soon after that and claimed they'd been attacked by alligators. He alone managed to escape with his life. He went on to say that the time had come to share out the spoils of our many loots.

I was given command of the Astarte, while Pregzt handed three chests over to the crew; the chests were full of gold and precious gemstones.

The rum flowed that night and the stars shone bright.

All at once I noticed a tall man dressed in black. Pregzt introduced him to me: "Here's a hearty mate! You can call him Keith. Many a tale he could tell!" Pregzt laughed loudly and held up a roll of parchment. "And his hideout; none better!"

The parchment fell to the ground, partly unrolling. I noticed what seemed to be a map of underground tunnels, a veritable maze of caverns. Pregzt continued, "I'm giving up the pirate's life. The Astarte's in your hands now, my lad. She's a fine ship, and my reputation goes with her. Should any man call me coward, then break his head for me. I'm leaving you only because I've found a treasure more precious than the purest of gold! Har har har!"

Keith spoke to him then, "It is midnight. They are ready, and we must go." The stranger turned his cold eyes on me and said in a soft, chilling voice, "Sometimes Pregzt talks too much. Forget what he just said, and maybe you'll live!" The fellow's words froze the marrow in my bones, and it was all I could do to mumble, "I'll not breathe a word." The canoe slid away into the night. Their torches disappeared in the distance of the swamp. My snoring companions didn't hear the insidious rhythm of far off drums.

Carefully avoiding the rats, who were being uncooperative, I went back up to the secret entrance to the underground caves, which I had opened with my trusty sabre. I don't mind admitting that fear was clutching at my guts. Before going down, I checked my equipment: the lamp, the lighter, the talisman, the big key from the ballroom, and some weapons. I was as ready as I was going to be.

At the bottom of the steps, I stood facing a bridge. The wood looked and smelled rotten. I ran across, and I made it. This place was already giving me the creeps. I took out the shotgun and, getting ready to blast my way out of trouble, set off along the tunnel that stretched before me. At the first fork, I saw a big slug, or giant worm, lurking down the left-hand tunnel, so I went right. Fast. I ran until I reached a point where the entire passage, except for an opening to the right, was blocked by fallen stones. I went that way and ran smack into a ghoul. This was no time for pussyfooting, so I aimed well and blew that baby far far away.

I continued slowly down the ghoul's tunnel. The worm appeared to have cleared a way through the blocked passage. Maybe I should go back and see. The worm had indeed bulldozed its way through. Going along the cleared passage, I arrived at a large chamber filled with a pool. I used the wooden walkway around the walls of the cavern, because I didn't want to get my shotgun cartridges wet.



Figure 1-41
Bottomless Chasm. This shot shows you why it might be best to sprint across that bridge.



Figure 1-42a

Cthonian Worm Tunnel. Look out, he's right behind you! Run down the tunnel and follow the branch to the right...

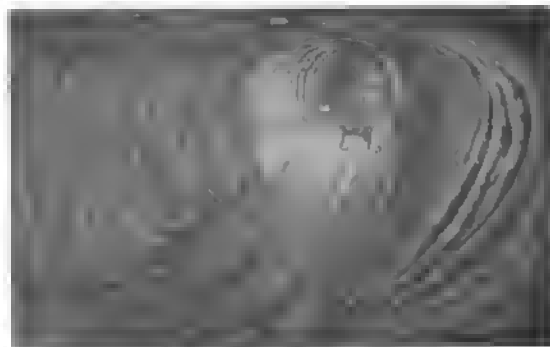


Figure 1-42b

...where this annoying ghoul-hopper awaits. A few rifle shots should suffice. But don't get cocky. If you rush to the tunnel corner too soon...

The walkway wasn't in good condition, and I had to jump over a few loose boards. I finally got to the end and hauled myself up through an opening, revolver at the ready.

I was in another gallery, and I wasn't alone. A giant spider seemed eager to get me inside her. She got lead in her head instead. I kept going until I came to some standing stones. I didn't have much choice; jumping from stone to stone I made my way to an opening on the other side. Some bird tried giving me grief. Although I thought about hacking it to death, by being careful I was able to spare its precious little life. Caring Carnby, that's me.



Figure 1-43

Worm Tunnel. Go back to the entrance of the branch tunnel. You'll discover this newly carved tunnel, courtesy of the Cthonian worm.

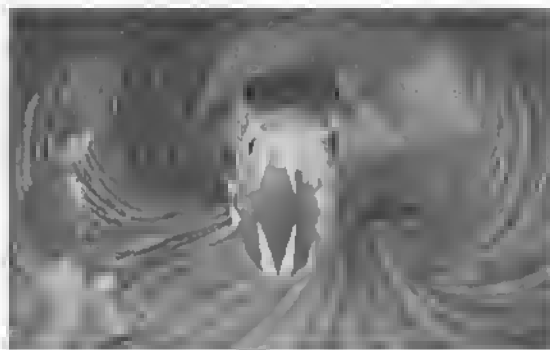


Figure 1-42c
...adios, worin meat.

Leaving the stones behind, I reached a T-junction. I went right and kept on down the passage until I arrived at some wooden bridges. I remembered what I'd read in the cellar, so I turned left at the swords and right when I came to the skulls. I walked out of that maze and saw a chest in front of me. The key from the ballroom worked just fine. Inside were a book and a gem. I read the book:

Memoirs of a Lost Soul

The mask must fall!

You who discover this manuscript,
understand this: I am here at your
side. I am waiting in the darkness of my
crypt. Soon, you will belong to me. One

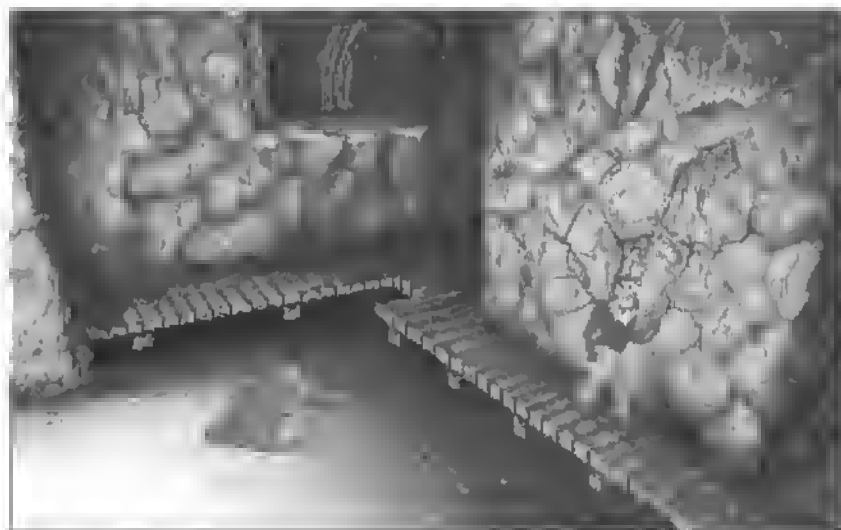
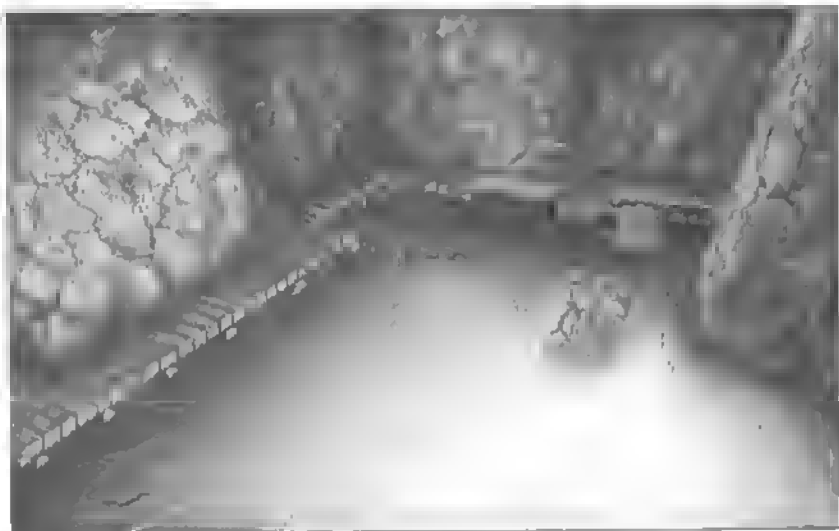


Figure 1-44
Underground Dock. Try
to keep your distance
from the toad creatures
if you can. They seem to
be hungry.

Figure 1-45
Underground Dock.
Note that you now have
a Jump option in your
Actions menu. Use it to
hop over the lighter-
shaded section of the
dock.



of my slaves wrote this document. I have lived for three centuries, and my name is Ezechiel Pregzt or Eliah Pickford. You may choose which to call me.

I do not hide out of fear. My power is immense. I have sailed the seven seas. My ship, the *Astarte*, spread terror through all the continents. The corsairs judged me like the Welsh judges

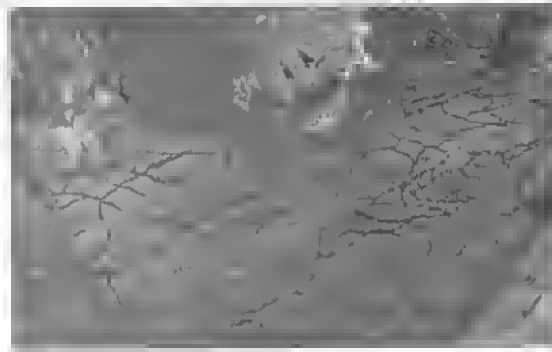
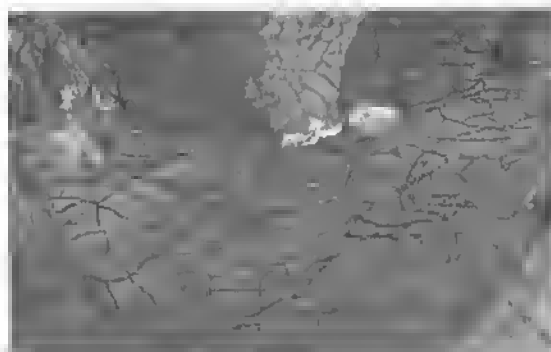


Figure 1-46a, b
Spider Cave. God, he's ugly. Put him out of his misery with a few revolver rounds in the snout. Really, you're doing the poor guy a favor.

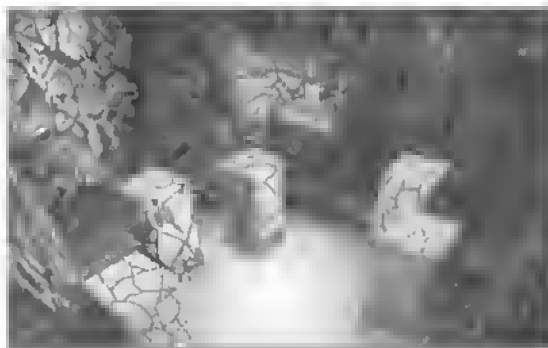


Figure 1-47a

Rock Pillar Cavern. See that bird up out there? He's not as friendly as he looks. A well-aimed rifle shot will make your point. Then...

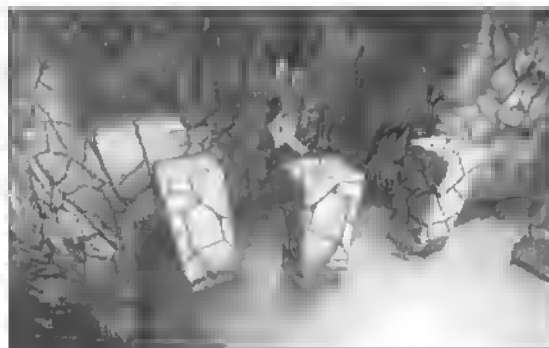


Figure 1-47b

...use the "Jump" option to hop from pillar to pillar, always jumping to the one furthest to your character's right.

of 1620. But they could not destroy me, and neither could the pirates. Now, I am immobilised... Damned Yankees!

Witchcraft, voodoo, the Cthulhu cult... I know them all, I have reigned and implored the stones. Only the Cthonian worm haunts the cavern and resists me; but he dare not attack! I have need of a living body to regenerate myself. The Hartwoods managed to escape from me. But you



Figure 1-48a

Pirate Chest. You made it! Now use the big key from the Ballroom to open the chest. Take the gem, read Pregzt's book...



Figure 1-48b

...then push the big rock behind the chest.

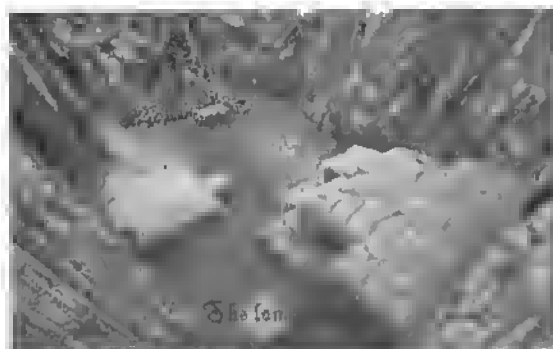


Figure 1-49a

Final Cavern. Get ready now for one Hell of a final confrontation. Start by going straight toward the tree out in the water.

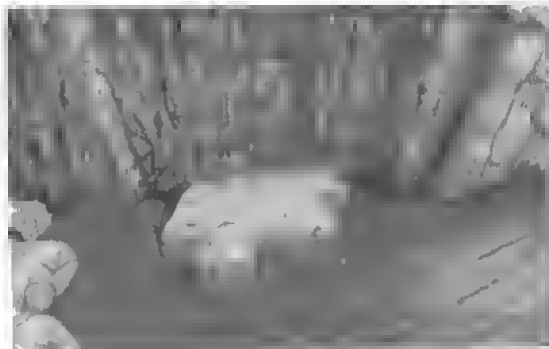


Figure 1-49b

Then quickly veer left until the camera angle changes. Cut right again.

who are reading these words, you will
yield to my embrace!

I hear your ragged breath and smell
the stench of your fear. I have
vanquished death. I built Derceto. I
know what it is to wait. Cthulhu helps
me. My servants will lay you upon the
sacrificial stone. My roar will rend
the night. You will be mine, and I
shall reign once more. Come to me.

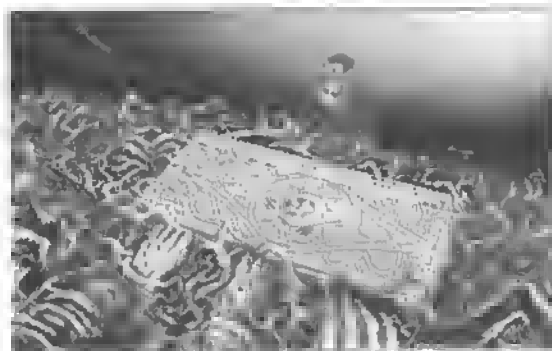


Figure 1-50a

Altar. Grab the hook, put the talisman on the altar, then quickly make sure you are facing the center of the altar. Next...



Figure 1-49c

Now head straight for the altar. (Dodge the fireballs when necessary, of course.)

Now I understood why Hartwood had killed himself. I might have done likewise, except I wasn't too sure where I'd end up; maybe with that Cthulhu character I kept reading about! So I just pushed the rock behind the chest and headed down the passage.

Time for the lamp again. I figured the clever thing was to follow one wall. I followed the right-hand one and soon came to a door, which I couldn't open. When I came to a second door, I was able to open it with the gem.

The door opened onto a kind of ledge. Checking that my revolver was set to "kill," I jumped into the water and headed for the island.

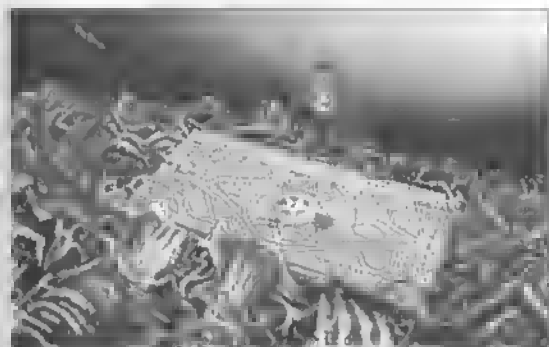


Figure 1-50b

...light and throw the oil lamp. If you've aligned your throw correctly...

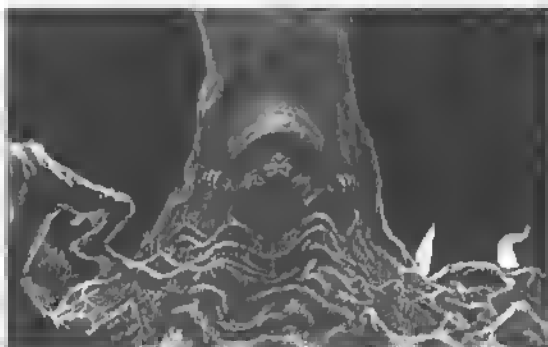
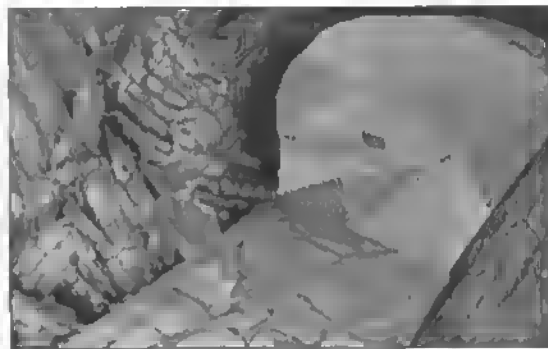


Figure 1-50c

...you'll have the brief but intense pleasure of seeing the Unholy Tree go up in angry flames.

*Figure 1-51a*

When the cavern starts crumbling, run to the low rock ledge on the right (as you face away from the altar). After you jump up to the next level...

*Figure 1-51b*

...use the altar hook on the door.

I had to duck fireballs. Some unlovely sea-monster types were doing their best to protect their boss from me. When I finally reached the altar, I dropped the talisman on it and picked up a hook. Making sure the lamp was lit, I slung it directly at the master of ceremonies. He caught fire quite satisfyingly, and I think he died permanently.

Blocks of stone were starting to fall from the roof of the cave, so it was time for me to make tracks. Avoiding the many boulders, I zig-

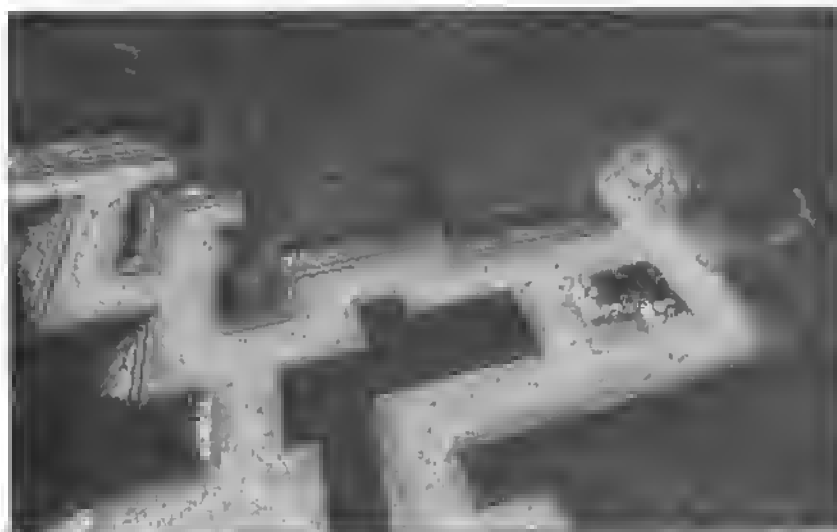
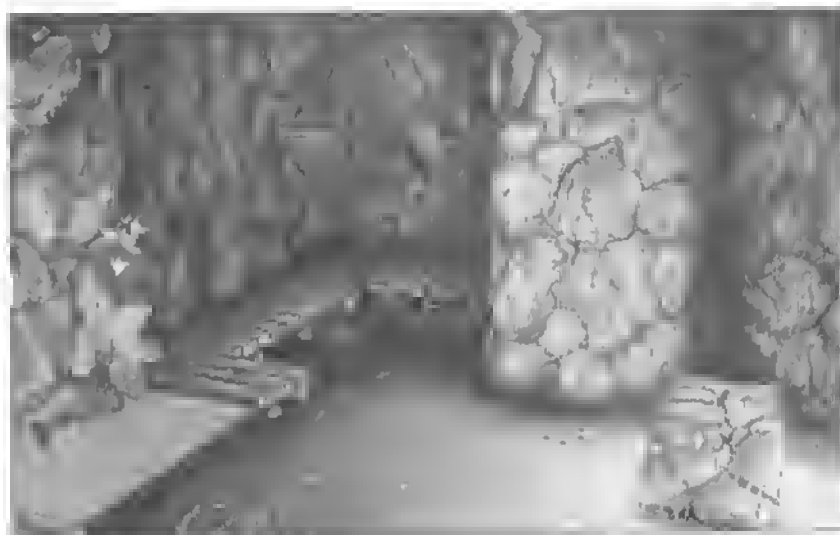


Figure 1-52
Maze. Don't go through the maze again! Make a sharp right to the stone door, then use the altar hook on it.

Figure 1-53

Did you make a map? I hope so. Follow the cavern back to the dock...and don't forget to jump over those light-colored boards.

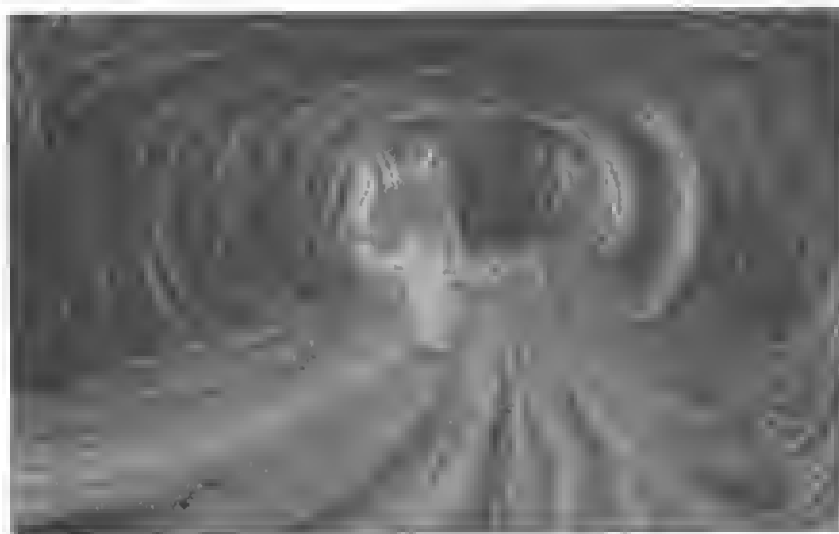


zagged to the rock ledge that had been on my left when I had entered the cave and got the door open with the hook.

There were no more monsters, just the occasional trap. The way out of the caves was the corridor the monster worm had been in when I first arrived. I ran along that tunnel to the cellar where I had removed the wedge from the barrels.

Figure 1-54

When you come to this final fork in the Cthonian worm's tunnel, go right. It will take you into the basement.



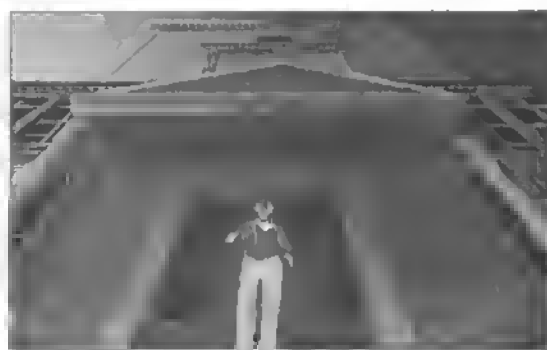
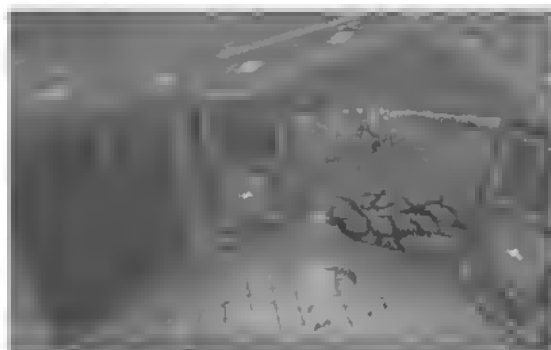


Figure 1-55a, b

It's a short jaunt up from the basement to the front door. Free at last!

I was soon up on the ground floor and out Derceto's front door. Gloria Allen had sent a chauffeur-driven limo to drive me home. I appreciated the wheels, but the chauffeur looked like trouble; maybe Gloria Allen hadn't sent the car after all....



Figure 1-56
The End?



Alone in the Dark 2

2

The decision had been made not to make the second episode a Cthulhu mythos adventure. Which occult tradition, then, would take its place? The inspiration was multiple: Prohibition Era gangsters, Caribbean pirates, the Flying Dutchman, and voodoo. Quite a mixture!

Mobsters have quite a lot in common with the old-time pirates, and what better way to introduce the element of supernatural than no Carnby mystery should be without than Haitian voodoo?

The Background

Over the years, Hollywood has given us a one-sided vision of voodoo: animal sacrifices, spirit possessions, and you guessed it, zombies. While those are undoubtedly features of voodoo, they present only a partial image of a complex, living religion that is practiced in many parts of the world today.

In the Fon language of ancient Dahomey on Africa's West Coast, the word *vodu* refers to an invisible spirit that can directly influence the actions of the living. Each village has its ancestral *vodu*, spirits who intercede between God and man.

As thousands of people from that region were sold into slavery and transported to Haiti to replace the native population, which had been exterminated by the Europeans' cruelty and diseases, they brought their religion with them. Naturally, their masters did their best to deprive them even of that. The slaves adopted Roman Catholic

saints and rituals to cloak their traditional faith; in reality, each saint was merely a representation of a spirit, or loa.

Many Haitian slaves fled the sugar plantations and joined communities of runaways from many different ethnic backgrounds. (Elisabeth Jarret was initiated into voodoo while living in one such community). What cemented their society and forged their collective identity was a shared belief in the loa. The community leaders were oongan, priests of the voodoo cult. In their struggle against slavery and oppression, they did not hesitate to invoke the magical powers of their faith.

Generations of slave-owners feared the sound of drums from the jungle, for it meant that the outlawed religion was thriving, keeping alive the flame of liberty and promising death, and worse, to its enemies. Finally in 1804, after a war of independence, the valiant slaves of Haiti won their freedom and a country.

Until the middle of this century, voodoo remained an officially outlawed religion. Haiti's rulers feared that foreign governments would withhold recognition and aid if voodoo rites were celebrated openly. Yet it has always been a solace to the downtrodden; it flourished in the countryside and amongst the urban poor, in spite of repeated attempts to eradicate it. The United States, whose Marines occupied the country from 1915 to 1934, tried without success to destroy every trace of the people's religion. Under the vicious reigns of "Papa Doc" Duvalier and his son, "Baby Doc," the evil and powerful magic certain oongan were believed to wield helped to maintain an entire population in the grip of fear. The dreaded Tonton Macoute, the Duvalierist terror squads, have always been adepts of the cult's destructive aspect.

As is the case with most religions of African origin, voodoo believers worship one god. In Dahomey, it is the Snake God. He is remembered through the many serpent symbols used in voodoo today. But the voodoo god is inaccessible to men, who must ask the loa to protect the weak, heal the sick, feed the hungry, ensure good crops and weather, etc. The loa can also be invoked to attack people or defend them from spiritual attack.

The chief of all loa is Papa Legba. He guards the entrances to temples. His malevolent aspect can be invoked by magicians at midday and at midnight.

The ruler of the spirits of the dead, Baron Samedi, is the lord of graveyards and crossroads, where bloody magic rites called expeditions are performed; loa are sent to prey on the sorcerer's victim. Even in

parts of the United States today, folks prefer to steer clear of cross-roads late at night.

Several denominations exist within voodoo. One tradition, known as Rada, honors the kinder loa. Another, called Petro, invokes the help of malevolent loa. Petro is the way of the evil voodoo priest as depicted in the horror flicks.

Voodoo rituals are accompanied by the sacrifice of animals. The loa must be fed and receive proper homage before their help can be asked. While the sacrificial victims are generally farmyard animals, such as cockerels, goats, lambs, and even bulls, spells of great power call for appropriate sacrifices (a good example is the horrific secret of *Alone 2*)!

To prepare minor spells, occult forces must be locked up inside wanga, magical packets. The powers of evil are materialized in the form of small statues called baka. Baka are notoriously bloodthirsty and will turn against the magician if they are not provided with human lives in exchange for services rendered.

Of all the horrifying spells of possession that the boko, or voodoo magician, can cast, none is more feared than the turning of the dead into zombies. Haiti's penal code actually prescribes harsh penalties for this practice! The boko, also known as the "oungan who works with both hands," enjoys complete control over the zombie who, although conscious, has no willpower whatever and cannot resist. This is particularly cruel in a society which struggled so desperately against slavery.

The surest way to avoid falling prey to the many boko who wield such power in Haiti is to become a member of a Zobop, a secret voodoo society. Their members meet at night and patrol the village streets and the country roads. They all carry special documents, commonly referred to as passports, which guarantee wealth and protection from sorcery. But in exchange, they are required regularly to provide the boko with victims. If none can be found or captured, family members must be offered!

Team Spirit

Alone in the Dark 1 allows the player to play either Edward Carnby or Emily Hartwood. Playing Emily meant choosing less confrontation and more thoughtfulness.

Alone 2 modifies the two-character format. Instead of choosing one character, each player uses both Carnby and the little girl, Grace

Saunders. While E.C. continues to favor “eat lead!” tactics, Grace can’t handle the death-dealing technology; to play her well (and survive) requires some smart solutions.

Other differences? Well, there’s a lot more pure action in Hell’s Kitchen; you’ll stagger out of there pretty breathless, having used quite an arsenal of weapons along the way. Another new ingredient is humor in the form of a Santa Claus impersonation and the impressive animations of some of the bad guys, who are all sons of Erin, by the way. The *Mystery Examiner* magazine, which comes in the box, features some remarkable comic writing.

Entering Alone 2

The mystery is introduced like this:

December 24th, 1724. Off Haiti.

Following a bitter struggle, His Majesty’s ship, the *Flying Dutchman*, was captured by pirates under the command of the notorious One-Eyed Jack. Yet the only treasure aboard the *Flying Dutchman* was a prisoner, a young woman called Elisabeth Jarret. Some years before, she had been rejected by her family and handed into the care of hard-hearted Henry Cotten, an important Haitian plantation owner.

Elisabeth soon grew to hate her brutal tutor and led the plantation slaves in a desperate revolt. Hunted down by the governor’s troops, the rebels took refuge in the jungle. Elisabeth was initiated into the blood-curdling rites of voodoo magic. As her power grew, she began a reign of terror that is still



Figure 2-1a, b, c, d

Prelude. The opening sequence shows the ill-fated attempt of Ted Striker (Edward Carnby’s friend and mentor) to rescue little Grace Saunders from the mansion at Hell’s Kitchen.

spoken of in hushed tones. After seven years, Elisabeth Jarret was captured by Captain Nichols of the Royal Navy, who determined to take her to London for trial. From where she huddled in chains in the hold of the Flying Dutchman, Elisabeth used her powers to contact and guide the pirate leader One-Eyed Jack across the seas to the English ship.

In return for her freedom, Elisabeth offered the pirates the greatest prize of all: eternal life! All they had to do was ensure that once every hundred years, on Christmas day, a little girl would be chosen to take upon herself the combined age of all the crew. This sacrifice of an innocent child was the price to be paid for immortality! From that moment, the mere mention of the Flying Dutchman caused men's faces to grow pale. The evil crew finally settled somewhere along the California coast. They called their new home "Hell's Kitchen."

The next extract, from Edward Carnby's personal papers, reveals a side of the cynical detective that he showed to very few people.

December 24th, 1924.

Thanks to Prohibition, gang bosses rule like little Caesars over the cities of the United States. This morning, I got a letter from Ted. Ted Striker is a gunshoe who caught me trying to pick his pocket when I was 14 years old. Instead of handing me over to the police, he gave me a job and taught me what being a private investigator is all about. In his letter, he said he was working on the Saunders kidnapping case. Grace Saunders, a little kid, 8 years old. Ted thinks the jerk who snatched her is a bootlegger called One-Eyed Jack. I've heard of him and his gang; that Al Capone guy up in



Chicago's a choir boy compared to those goons. The thing is, Ted hasn't phoned or wired me since he sent the letter. If it was anybody else, I'd say, "Tough break," and forget about it. But Ted's different. Also, I don't like punks who pick on kids. Now, where'd I put Wilma? My name's Carnby, by the way. Wilma's my .38.

The Carnby Papers, Part 2

Edward Carnby's papers once again yield information that is indispensable to game player.

Hell's Kitchen

I entered Hell's Kitchen with quite a bang.

My bomb blasted open the gate and blew the guard off his feet. Before he could gather his wits, I squeezed off a couple of .44 slugs into his no-good guts and rid the world of a bad guy. That's when I realized this night was going to be kind of ghoulish. His body sank into the ground all by itself! I picked up his Tommy gun and a flask and wondered what the future held for gravediggers.

Well, I was in! Going along the alley, I got as far as a bench when two gangsters, who had obviously heard my bomb, arrived to bid me a warm welcome. The formalities didn't take too long. We exchanged season's greetings and a lot of bullets. Then they lay down because they were feeling dead.

Whoever took care of the gardens in that place would have been interesting to meet. I didn't get a chance, although I did run into



Figure 2-2a, b, c

Carnby's arrival two days later leads to immediate fireworks...including some deadly skirmishes with homicidal gardeners.

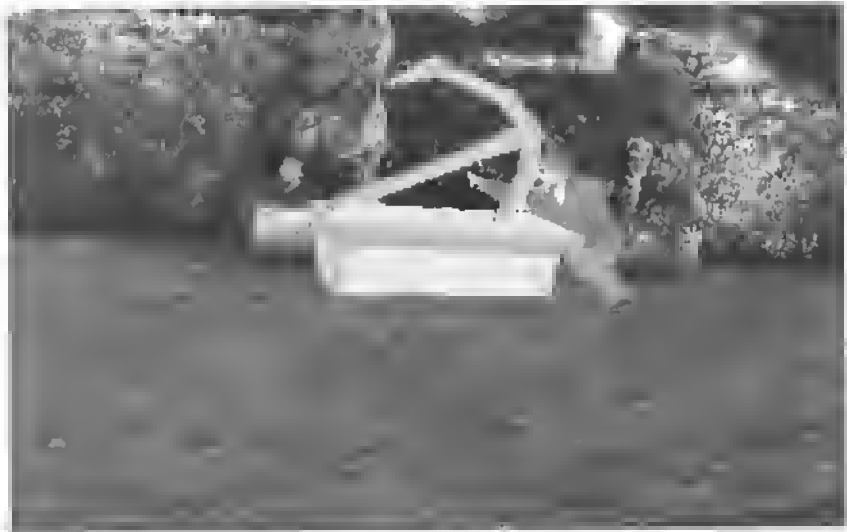


Figure 2-3
Garden Entrance. Push
that ridiculous anchor
out of the way to enter
the gardens.

quite a few people. Had the Homicidal Maniacs Club just declared open season on Carnby? I remember a whole lot of pump-action shotguns all eager to empty themselves into my guts! I'm afraid I was forced to terminate those folks. I haven't felt comfortable in a garden since that night.

I found time to pick up a few useful items: some ammunition for my Tommy gun, a rope, a few more flasks, a book (*Shorty Leg*), a photo of a statue, and a grappling iron. I also came across a strange enigma: four giant playing cards, each of them an ace! The only thing I could think of was that diamonds were One-Eyed Jack's



Figure 2-4
Garden. This lone card is
a clue. Later, when you
find the full set of
aces...



emblem. So, I crossed my fingers and stepped onto the ace of diamonds.... The next thing I knew, I was lying on my back in some kind of an underground tunnel.

I forgot all about being winded; after all, I had just discovered a secret tunnel! Wasting no time, I walked along the gallery and soon came face to face with a very weird character. Was he trying to kiss me or what? He sure didn't look like he wanted to kill me. In fact, he was following me around like a puppy dog. Now, I'm a broad-minded guy, and I might have allowed this bozo to hang around except for

Figure 2-5
...you'll know to step
on the diamond to open
(and drop into) a secret
tunnel.

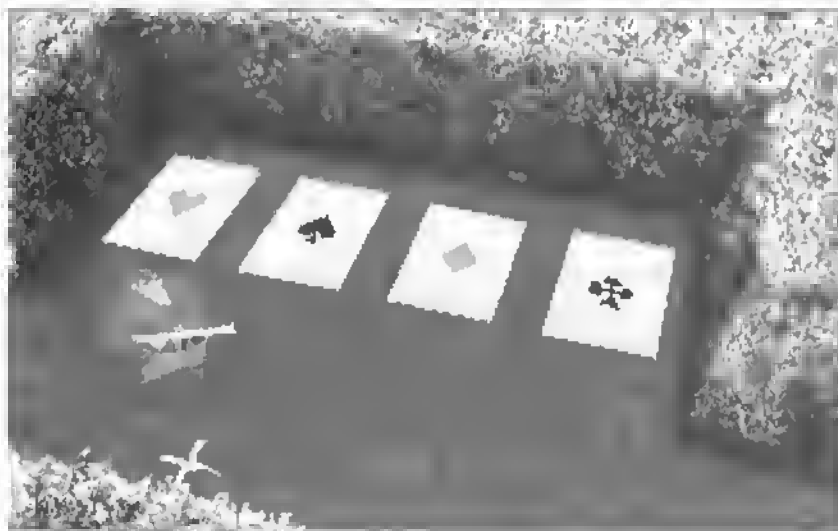
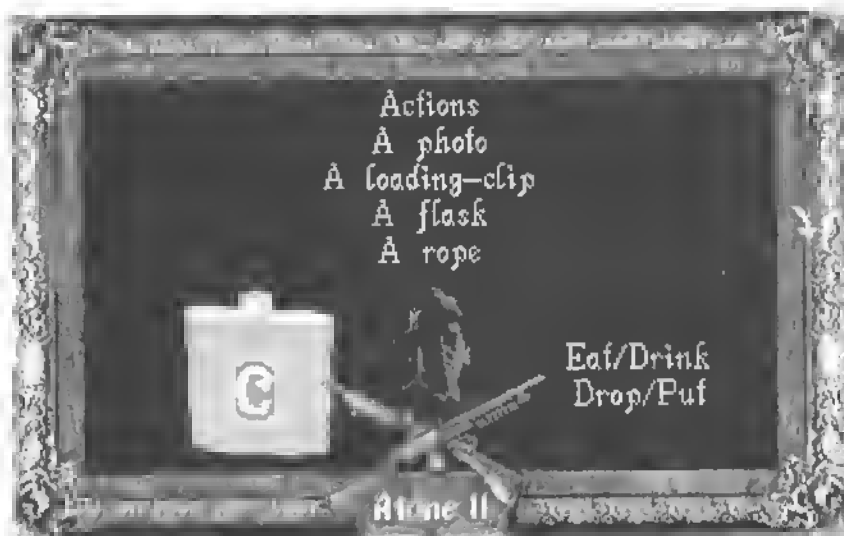


Figure 2-6
After you clear out the gardens, you might want to drink one or two of these flasks. They'll increase your "Actions" health rating by many points.



one thing: he smelled bad. Oh boy, did that guy stink! It was just so nauseating I was forced to head-butt the creep into eternity. I sure hope they have deodorant where he wound up.

I made a quick visit to the tunnel complex, finding only a flask, an illegible fragment of a notebook, and a chest with a woodworm problem. I thought I could make out something shiny under the chest, so I tried pushing it. When I heard a scraping sound behind me, my hand flew to my Tommy gun, but there was nobody to shoot. I had accidentally activated some kind of mechanism. Before

Figure 2-7
Cavern. Don't look now, but a troll is on your tail. Spin and give him a quick head-butt.



my eyes, an altar rose from the floor! I pushed the chest further and uncovered a metal jack of diamonds. That didn't seem like a whole lot of use, so I put it down on the altar. Imagine my surprise when a ladder appeared on the wall opposite me! A shapeless semitransparent creature appeared with it. Not waiting to decide if I was scared, I ran over and started punching it. Well, I guess that was the right thing to do, because it quickly vanished, leaving me with a rusty pirate cutlass. I'd had about all I wanted in those tunnels, so I climbed up the mysterious ladder.

To be honest, I thought I was going up into the house through a secret passage in a chimney. However, I found myself back where I had found the rope. Well, they say being a private eye means taking the tough breaks on the chin, whatever that means. All that greenery was starting to get on my nerves, so I made my way toward the statue of One-Eyed Jack, whose top I could clearly see.

Getting to the statue wasn't all that easy; a giant root was in my way. I had to use the sword I won underground to hack a way through.

The next thing I noticed was that the statue was very well guarded. A little guy was gazing at it like it was a bagful of hundred-dollar bills. He turned out to be the notorious Shorty Leg. I think they called him that because he was short and had a wooden leg. I couldn't remember what else he was famous for. Then he kindly demonstrated: that wooden leg was pumping a hail of .44-caliber slugs at me! Shorty had his technique down to a fine art; to eliminate him, I had to shoot at the precise moment he raised his leg. Before sinking,

Figure 2-8
Cavern. Don't waste bullets on this wimpy specter. Punch him out to get the pirate sword, then use the metallic jack of diamonds on the altar behind you.



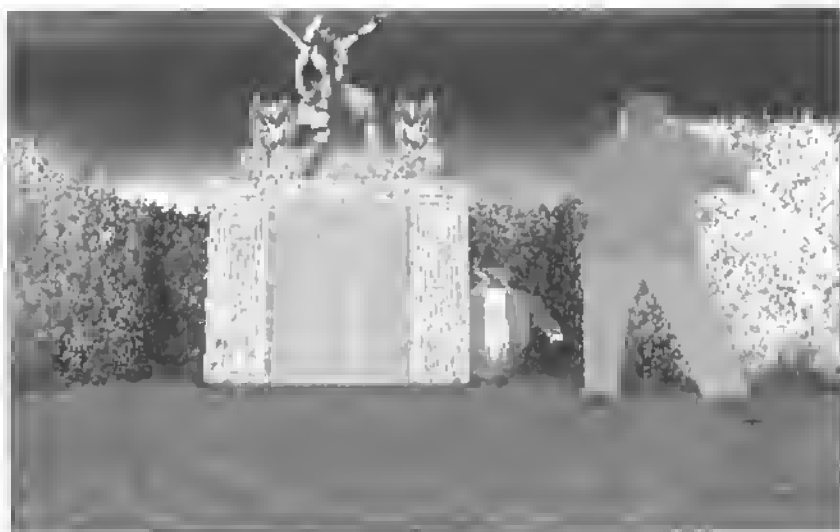
Figure 2-9
Gardens. Use the pirate sword to hack your way through the killer roots in order to reach the statue of One-Eyed Jack. Then...



like his buddies, into the ground, he left a fascinating scrap of journal, the immortality pact of a certain Music Man, also known as Sean O'Leary. This piece of paper could turn out to be a weapon worth all the Tommy guns in the world!

I took a good look at the statue Shorty Leg had admired so much. I even daydreamed about turning into a pigeon for long enough to express my feelings, but not for long. I had turned to walk away when I remembered a photo a dead hoodlum had left behind: a photo of One-Eyed Jack and some of his henchmen standing in front

Figure 2-10
...get ready for the notorious Shorty Leg, fastest leg this side of the Rio Grande. Key: Blast him just as he raises his pegleg to shoot.



of the statue. The sculpture was a good likeness, which didn't say much for Jack. One detail, however, caught my attention: the statue's arm wasn't in the same position as in the photo!

Breathing slowly, I got to work. I knotted the rope to the grappling iron and threw the grappling iron over the statue's arm. I got lucky; my first throw was good. The arm came down. I heard a click, and Open Sesame! A secret opening appeared under the statue. Silently thanking whoever invented photography, I went down the hole.

The ladder that led down below the statue would have scared the pants off a monkey. It looked like a well and felt bottomless. And the deeper I went, the worse the smell got: a sickening stench of putrefaction! The air was thick with it. The ladder was getting slippery and dangerous. Suddenly, a rung broke! I scrabbled for a grip but it was no use. The bottom came up fast and hard. Luckily, no bones felt broken. Somebody up in the sky must have been on my side that night. But my weapons were lost, and there was no going back. I was on a stone platform in the middle of a huge underground room. There was nothing around me but thin air, so I couldn't afford to foul up. The only way forward was along a wooden plank, which acted as a bridge to another stone platform just visible in the darkness. I didn't like the prospects, but I had no choice. Before walking the plank, I picked up a crank, a nickel, and a paper bag that happened to be sharing the platform with me.

Just as I got to the other platform, I tripped over something soft. I took a closer look at this latest obstacle. It was Ted. Ted Striker, my best—maybe my only—friend. A lousy place to die, buddy.

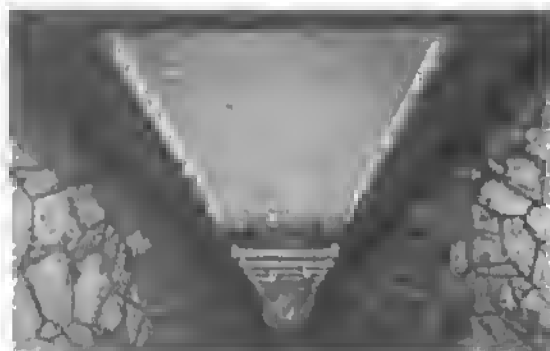
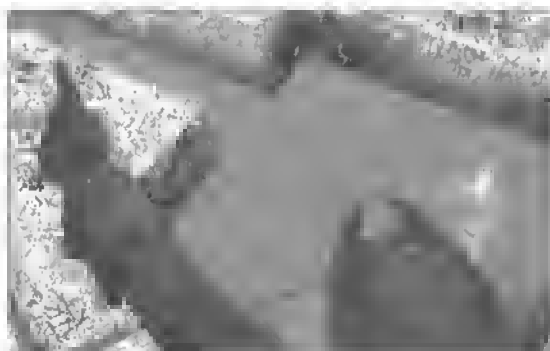


Figure 2-11a, b

One-Eyed Jack Statue. Use your grappling hook on the statue to open a secret passage into the Underground Caverns.

Figure 2-12
Caverns. The final
resting place of Carnby's
friend, Ted Striker. Take
his pipe cleaner and the
torn notebook.



After a couple of minutes, I was steady enough again to search him. All I found was a page torn from his investigation notebook. By holding it against the other fragment I'd found, I was able to read the following message:

Carnby, if you read this, it means I am dead. The Saunders child was kidnapped by One-Eyed Jack, despite what the newspaper claimed. That man is a monster, obsessed with gambling and death. Hell's Kitchen is full of secret passages. I am sure that for one of them, the solution is in the cards. Remember our poker games. Something else: the gang makes hooch in the cellar and transports it by boat at high tide from a cave in the cliff. Carnby, you must rid the world of that filth and save the girl, if you can. It's time for the slave to be stronger than the master!

Before leaving Ted for the last time, I took his pipe cleaner. Maybe his wife would like it as a keepsake.

The only way out was an armored door. I tried the handle. It was locked. I hated to let a door prevent me from saving the Saunders kid. So I used the old paper-under-the-door-trick. You know the idea: You slide a sheet of paper under the door. Then you stick something thin like a pipe cleaner into the keyhole. If you're lucky like me, there's a key on the other side. You push it out with the pipe cleaner, and it falls onto your paper! You pull the paper back out from under the door, grab the nice key, and feel smug. The door opened with a creak that reminded me of Derceto...



Figure 2-13a, b, c

Armored Door. Pipe cleaner in the keyhole.

newspaper under the door...and voila! Instant key.

The basement guard and I had something in common: a passion for opera! I would have loved to discuss Puccini with him but he looked like he'd rather fill me full of front-row tickets to a Heavenly Choir recital. So I took out my paper bag, blew into it, making a big balloon which I then popped with an ear-splitting bang! The guard naturally pointed his pump-action shotgun in my direction. We looked into each other's eyes for an instant. What I saw in his encouraged me to pull down the nearby lever. A keg helped him all the way to the cliff's edge. He sang on his way down, but it didn't sound like Puccini.



Figure 2-14

Keg Trap. Tricky, but fun. After you pop the paper bag, push the lever just as the guard rises...



I took his shotgun, his flask, and a manuscript he'd been considerate enough to leave for me. After all, we music lovers have to help each other out.

As I took a look around, a clock caught my eye. What was it doing there? On one side, a delightful little hole exactly matched my crank! I didn't hesitate to join the two in wedlock. They were so grateful that they showed me an attractive secret passage beneath the barrels!

I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, so I went through there like a shot. In front of the service elevator, I came across a box of cartridges for my shotgun. I was just slipping some into my grateful weapon when the door of the hoist closed, and I heard the motor start up.



Figure 2-15
...then step back, quick.
Look at him go!

Figure 2-16
Clock Mechanism. Get close to the grandfather clock, then use the crank in your Inventory. You'll open up a secret passage to the service elevator.



In the ground floor hallway, I was greeted by an interesting individual. He held a weapon that was as grotesque as it was deadly: an accordion. Noticing that his left hand had been replaced by a hook, I had a clearer idea of the kind of music he played. For the moment, he was interpreting a very rhythmic piece that managed to punch six-inch holes in the wall behind me.

The one and only Sean O'Leary! How privileged I was to have him play specially for me! His life story was remarkable. Dublin-born, this apple of Erin's eye was destined for greatness as a harpsichord player. But his hopes of a fine career were dashed when some members of an audience suggested that he learn to play with more than one finger. Naturally, he threw them out a window. The authorities were most unfeeling, so young Sean was forced to flee over the water to Scotland, where he joined the 3rd Highland Regiment. He lost his musical hand at Gibraltar and deserted before he lost the other. O'Leary studied accordion under the stern gaze of Sancho Fernandez, the mad weaponsmith! Lying low in the Leeward Islands, Sean was forced to undertake the most atrocious tasks to earn a meager crust. The poor fellow was almost lynched on the Night of the Red Knives. He sought refuge with One-Eyed Jack and proved himself worthy of his leader's trust during the massacre at Cao Bang.

In spite of the deep respect his music inspired in my soul, I felt it was time for Sean to retire and was about to blow his head off when an idea came to me. Instead of wasting my precious cartridges, I took out the Music Man's Immortality Pact and tore it in two before

his horrified eyes. Goodbye, Sean, and thanks again! I inherited his hook. Maybe I'd need a curved toothpick some day. All of a sudden, there was gunfire, but strange as it may seem, no one was firing at me! I opened the door quietly to find out who was doing the shooting.

A wide staircase led from the laundry room up to the first story, but the basement was the place for me. The gunshots seemed to be coming from the next room. Before opening the door, I grabbed a battledore.

I walked onto the Firing Range unnoticed. The two marksmen were making enough noise to drown out a charging herd of drunk mammoths.

These two goons had a view of the world that began and ended on the firing-range wall. Wondering if they could possibly be robots, I looked for a switch. No such luck; I was going to have to turn them off some other way. Now, these lads were armed to the teeth and sported some very impressive muscles. Time for a sneaky approach.

When one of them stopped to reload his weapon, I took out the other gangster with my only bullet. Then I used the first guy's frozen surprise to empty all my cartridges into his unattractive face. He didn't want to go down. I had to beat him to a pulp with my trusty battledore. I'll never take a clothes beater for granted again!

I picked up the package of cartridges for the shotgun and found myself taking potshots at the targets on the wall. Well, you aren't going to believe this, but the cards repositioned themselves to form an ace of diamonds. Not only that, but a secret passage opened up

Figure 2--17

Service Elevator. Sean O'Leary's a dangerous musician, sort of the Axel Rose of accordion players. But if you tear up the Music Man's Pact when you see him...well, you won't see him for long.



Figure 2-18

Firing Range. If you can get all diamonds, you'll open a secret door. But get your battledore ready...you're out of ammo and there's a gunslinger a'fixin' to get you.



before me! A guard was pointing his gun at me and pulling the trigger. Repeatedly! I treated him to a little battledore therapy. Poor guy never had a chance. The way ahead was clear.

My target practice had led me into a distillery. Enough illegal whisky to last your lifetime and mine! This was no time for fun, so I grabbed a bottle and told myself I'd drink it later in honor of Ted. Never the patient type, I also drank the contents of a flask I found on a shelf and felt a whole lot better. I discovered a book that told me a lot about the activities of one of the residents, a charming son-of-a-gun named Tom Flaherty, but better known as T-Bone. Having set fire to the tavern of one Donovan, Tom sailed the China Sea. At Yen T'ai, he teamed up with a pair of sushi specialists with a lust for gold, and called them his "cookies." This jolly group was held responsible for the raid on Madam Jojo's gaming house. Well, the three buckaroos broke out of Macao jail and ended up signing on with One-Eyed Jack. Being a wily bird, T-Bone managed to liquidate the head cook and take his place. Old Tom was a dab hand with a blowpipe and used it to slaughter the crew's dinner. His two helpers did the rest. Was I going to meet these lunatics?

I found one more thing in there: a book on the game of pool by a senator named Grandt. It didn't teach me a whole lot, but since it mentioned a "one-armed bandit," I was tempted to spend my nickel. And I won the jackpot! Well, actually, I won two tokens. The alcohol fumes were starting to get to me, so I decided to return to the Shooting Gallery.



Figure 2-19
Distillery. Try your
nickel in that
one-armed bandit on
the wall.

A surprise was waiting for me there. He was fat and wearing undershorts, tottering in front of the gallery door, and drinking something that looked lethal. His eyes had given up trying to work as a team, but one of them saw me. That heaving sack of drunken stupor couldn't have attacked me even with my help. And I wasn't about to shoot him. What if he exploded in my face! Offering him my bottle of whisky seemed as sure a method as any. I don't know what those boys put in their hooch, but that guy went out like a light. I had a look in his bag. A Santa Claus outfit! Were kids going to sit on that beast's knee? How could Santy have sunk so low? Shaking

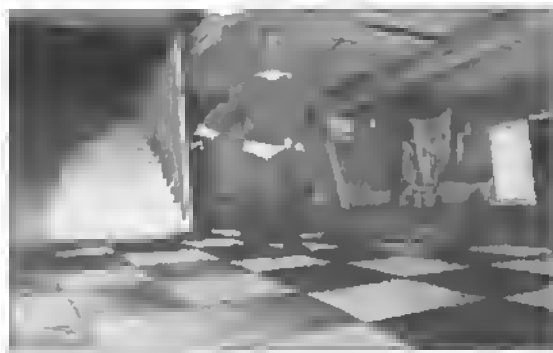
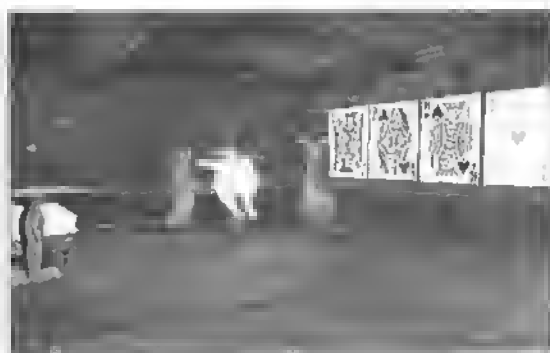


Figure 2-20a, b

Santa Impersonator Wanted. Give this fat, drunk mutant your whiskey bottle, then check out his sack. A Santa suit? Hey, it fits real nice.

my head, I put on the costume. My next objective was to get to the ground floor.

Clearly, the gangsters were used to having Santa Claus in the building, as the cookie I met outside the kitchen didn't appear the least surprised to see me. Something about the way he walked puzzled me for a few moments. Then I figured it out: he was being very careful to walk only on the white floor tiles. I did the same thing. Just as I was about to enter the kitchen, I accidentally stepped on a black tile. I knew I was in trouble when a loud click sounded in the corner of the room; the statue of Neptune fired his trident at me. I jumped back, and let the cookie take over my target duties. The trident took him right in the belly: a painful end, but edible animals might have called it vengeance. Before going into the kitchen, I usurped Neptune's crown.

Hardly had I set foot in the kitchen when the head cook, none other than T-Bone, waved at me to sit down and eat the fried eggs on the table. This warmed me to the fellow, but the eggs were undercooked. How can anyone not fry eggs right? Still, not wishing to be an ungrateful Santa Claus, I swallowed them.

Maybe it was because I didn't sway drunkenly. Maybe it was my pump-action shotgun. Maybe it was the face I made at the eggs. Whatever the reason, T-Bone soon figured out that I wasn't the Santa Claus he knew and loved. He grabbed his blowpipe and pelted me with poisoned darts. I fended them off with a handy frying pan

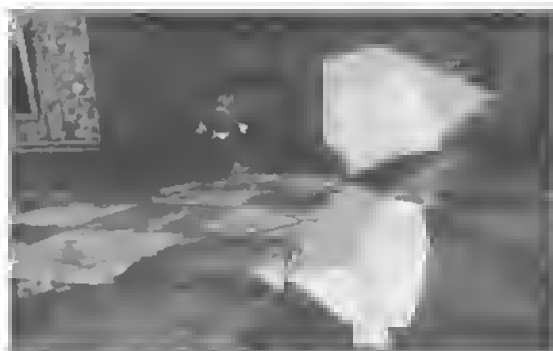


Figure 2-21a, b

Outside the Kitchen. Cookie's a goof, but he gives good advice: Neptune doesn't like you stepping on his dark squares. But you'd really like his neat crown...so maneuver Cookie into his line of trident fire, then step on a dark tile.

until he ran out of ammo. Now it was a straightforward classic duel: frying pan against frying pan.

I'll admit that my feuding skills were of limited value. I had played a little tennis though and managed to smash convincingly. At least T-Bone thought so. Having cooked his goose, I turned to face the inevitable assault of savage hordes attracted by the clang of cooking utensils. But no one had come. Somebody somewhere was laughing heartily, oblivious to the havoc being wrought in the kitchen.

I inspected the place and found a vial of poison, which I promptly poured into a half-full bottle of wine. Before leaving the kitchen, I noticed a dumbwaiter, an elevator for food trays, activated by a little bell. Unfortunately, I was too big to climb into it.

When I left the kitchen, I came to a double door with a serving hatch I could see through. In the room beyond, two guards were twiddling their thumbs in boredom.

I placed the bottle of poisoned wine in the serving hatch. The hatch opened, and the bottle vanished. After a short while, the hatch opened again. The guards collapsed in a very unhealthy way. I was just about to go in when an old friend dropped by; my boozing buddy from the Shooting Gallery was back in business. I was afraid he was going to invite me for a drink, but I needn't have worried. He had other things on his mind. From his undershorts, he pulled out his revolver and started waving it at me. I couldn't afford the scandal, so I bopped him into Never Never Land with my frying pan.



Figure 2-22
Kitchen. Meet T-Bone the Cook. Nice guy, makes a good egg. But then he turns on you, see? Goes nuts. Whack him with a frying pan.

Furniture-wise, the Guard Room was a fine example of minimalism—just a barrel organ and a foldaway bed. The door at the other end of the room was locked. Being a music lover, I was curious enough to push one of the tokens I'd found into the organ's coin slot. The yellow token triggered some loud music and a brief noise off to my left. I looked over and saw a gold doubloon spinning on the floor. I picked it up, glad to be making some money at last. I tried my brown token. No gold doubloon this time. But the dormitory door opened, an even more welcome surprise.

Not being sick in that dormitory was about as easy as keeping your cigar dry in the shower. The place was musty, dusty, and damp, with paper hanging off the walls. What kind of creepy nut would want to sleep there?

My visit wasn't wasted, though, I can tell you! I found a bulletproof vest on the first bed. From the floor, I picked up a Tommy gun and an ammo clip. Feeling ready for battle, I made for the second-story hallway.

I was received on the second story by a nut who was going to be tough to crack: a deadly sharpshooter by the name of Alister Fein, alias Black Hat. This charm-school dropout began his life of crime at age eight. Little Alister missed his daddy, so he placed a teddy bear stuffed with gelignite at the gate of Killarney jail! I admired his style. Nine hodies were carried from the smoking rubble. All that remained of Captain Dickson was a fine black hat. Alister kept it as a souvenir and decorated it with very sharp blades. He was soon in Trinidad,

Figure 2-23
Jingle Guns, Jingle
Guns. Good stuff to
grab in the dormitory,
Santa. Bulletproof vest
on one bed, Tommy gun
and ammo clip on
the floor.





Figure 2-24

Black Hat. Alister Fein isn't too hot a shot. Six good rounds of Tommy ought to put him down,

where he studied hard and became an expert in firearms and manhunting. One-Eyed Jack could hardly pass over this kind of talent, now could he?

Black Hat and I didn't get much of a chance to chew the fat, I'm sorry to say. My Tommy gun just wouldn't shut up, and then it jammed. But not before giving poor old Alister his very last belly-ache! Having no one else to pass the time of day with, I sauntered over to the pool room.

I found a pool table all right, but no balls. This tall character was looking at me, his right arm stretched out in my direction. An ally at last? Somehow, I didn't think so; I mean, best buddies don't normally point Derringers at each other. Then he threw it down on the pool table. The man was challenging me to a duel! I didn't feel too happy about that, believe me. I'm a good shot with any weapon, even a dueling pistol, but give me machine guns and dynamite any day.

Now, according to dueling code, I was supposed to fire the first shot. Unfortunately, he didn't hold with old-fashioned notions like dueling codes, and he emptied his gun at me. So, when he stopped to reload, I played the same trick on him. I lied about being a good shot: I aimed for his heart but could only manage to drill him between the eyes. Oh well. He left me his swordstick. A gentleman to the end.

I had a look around and found only half of a parchment. I couldn't read it, but I kept it anyway. I also found a book about the criminal adventures of some of One-Eyed Jack's gang. De Witt—the party I

had just exterminated—was heavily featured, as were Black Hat and two others I hadn't yet had the pleasure of meeting. Closing the book, I headed for the bedroom.

An oppressive atmosphere hung in the air. My skin crawled. It was trying to get the heck out of there, but the rest of me was braver, so my skin stayed under protest. Sticking out of the wall were two arms waving a sword. Well, I had my swordstick, so we were soon locked in mortal combat. Guess who won. And I won a new half-parchment, too. Illegible, of course. I was about to say something shocking like, "Dag blast it!" when a bright idea pushed a button somewhere inside my slow-moving brain. Feverishly, I matched the parchment with the one I found in the pool room. Hey, presto! The message read:

*"If the white queen seeks the throne,
the king must empower her.
May the amulet laid in the center of the sign
open the doorway to space.
That is the key to the royal gambit."*

At first, that meant about as much to me as the Old Testament in medieval Mongolian. But as I gazed about the room, my eye was attracted to an ivory bust facing me. The young woman's milky eyes seemed to wink at me. Was she the one I was supposed to empower? How do you give power to a queen? I don't know too much about

Figure 2-25
Bedroom. Get the message? "An uncrowned queen's bust!" Put Neptune's crown on the lady and see what happens.





Figure 2-26
Amulet Room. Wanna
get high? Try some of
this amulet, man.

royalty, but I thought I might try to crown her. I tried it with the crown I took from the Neptune guarding the kitchen door. Immediately, I heard a tinkling sound from the next room. I went in. That chamber of sorcery was even scarier than the bedroom, narrow and dark. On the floor, in the middle of a big flat stone, lay a beautiful amulet, shimmering with a thousand lights. I couldn't help myself: I snatched it up...and was struck by what felt like a lightning bolt. I wasn't able to move a muscle! To my horror, I began to float up toward the ceiling. My chest was being crushed by some invisible force. I couldn't breathe! The end of the road for E. Carnby! I hadn't done much better than Ted, after all. What really made me mad was failing the Saunders girl. Death stole over me like a black shroud.

Then, all of a sudden, the pressure lessened; I could breathe again, even flex my muscles. I was suspended horizontally in midair, 6 feet above the floor. Then I was released. "Ouch" is a gentlemanly way of putting it.

The room to which I was transported after I took the amulet had no furniture. I did find a flask and a message addressed to One-Eyed Jack from Christmas Acme Limited. They were sorry they couldn't deliver a red pool ball but hoped he would accept a case of champagne as a token of their esteem. How did those guys stay in business?

The door wasn't locked, so nothing stopped me from looking for more trouble.

The hallway in the attic was empty of people. An old wooden pirate's chest caught my eye. What I found inside was better than

any treasure: a cute little Tommy gun and a clip of ammo. I hardly had time to stroke it lovingly before a crazed acrobat appeared from nowhere and started twirling around me. This weirdo would have been great in a circus, but I wasn't in the mood and he was making me dizzy, so I weighted him down with some lead. Meanwhile, a huge blob of a guy had waded into the act. Now, this clown was in no shape to try acrobatics, so he just fired a lot of bullets at me. I got into the spirit of the thing and fired back. For a while there, we were really communicating. Then he got cut off, leaving only a key for me to remember him by. The twirling dancer was the next to pass away, and he left a grenade behind. That was considerate, because I love explosions. My next move was to inspect the junk closet the blob person had emerged from.

The closet contained quite a lot of piled-up stuff. One brightly colored object stood out: a jack-in-the-box. I couldn't see anything unusual about it, yet I couldn't help feeling it was watching me! Don't ask me why, but I had a sudden urge to insert the gold doubloon I found near the dormitory into the jack-in-the-box. Naturally, its head sprang out on a spring. Something struck my face! I searched for my aggressor, but it was only a little pom-pom from the clown's hat. I put it in my pocket and went over to the only closed door in the attic.

That room contained nothing but a child's bed. Slouched against a wall lay a puppet, the only spot of color in this depressing place. I turned to leave the room, but a noise caused me to look back. The

Figure 2-27
Attic Bedroom. What a clown! Here's how to get him off your tail: Throw the pom-pom into the garden. The fool will follow. Snake food!



Figure 2-28
Dining Room. Dropping
the grenade down the
chimney helped, but
Santa still has to face
three card-carrying
members of the Goon
Squad. If you can't hack
it...hey, tough Tommy
gums, pal.



puppet was standing up, observing me! There was something chilling about that puppet. It started to dance around, doing a disjointed jig. I have a relationship problem with that particular kind of puppet, so I felt it would be better for both of us to separate while we were still good friends. Next door was a charming little interior garden, sadly neglected. The resident snakes made it clear they didn't appreciate being disturbed. So I went to the door very cautiously, followed by my puppet pal. I threw the pom-pom in among the

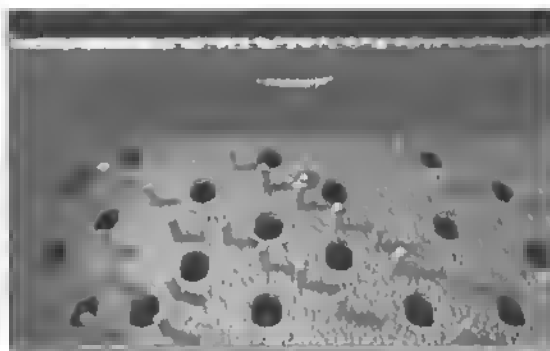


Figure 2-29a, b
Billiards Room. Put the red billiard ball on the
Chinese billiards table and watch it bounce around
awhile. Then check out the gate to Hell. (You'll
need that key you got in the attic.)

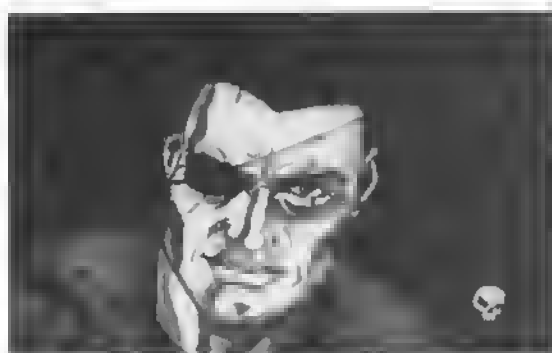


Figure 2-30a, b, c, d, e

Meet One-Eyed Jack. He has a story to tell. It isn't pretty...but then, neither is he.

snakes, and as I had hoped, the puppet ran in to fetch it. What a dope he was!

Once the snakes were occupied, I turned my attention to an idea I'd been toying with for some time. My sense of direction told me the garden was above the ground floor dining room, so the two rooms shared the same chimney. With a jolly "ho ho," Santa Claus dropped his greuade into the fireplace. I think the boys below got quite a kick out of it. Having formally announced my arrival, I had only to drop down the chimney myself.

The grenade had thinned the enemy's ranks. Only three gangsters were left to enjoy the Christmas present Santy had brought them. When the smoke finally cleared, I was tickled to see those hardened killers had actually decorated a Christmas tree! Underneath it all, they were just lovable rascals.

A shiny ball on the tree attracted my attention; it looked heavier than it should. A pool ball? Weird. I thought of the message from Christmas Acme Limited informing One-Eyed Jack they couldn't deliver a red pool ball. But I was sure there was another connection that my brain was refusing to make. I went through all the objects I had collected. They included quite a few documents: books, parchments, and journals. Nothing seemed helpful until I read: "The ball of fire opens the gate to Hell." That was it! The ball of fire had to be the red pool ball, and the gate to Hell was surely a secret door of some kind. I ran out of there and up to the poolroom like a bat out of Hell's Kitchen!

I tried out my theory on the pool table. Nothing! I did every damn thing I could think of with that ball, but no secret door opened. It was one more good idea that got me nowhere. Then I noticed the



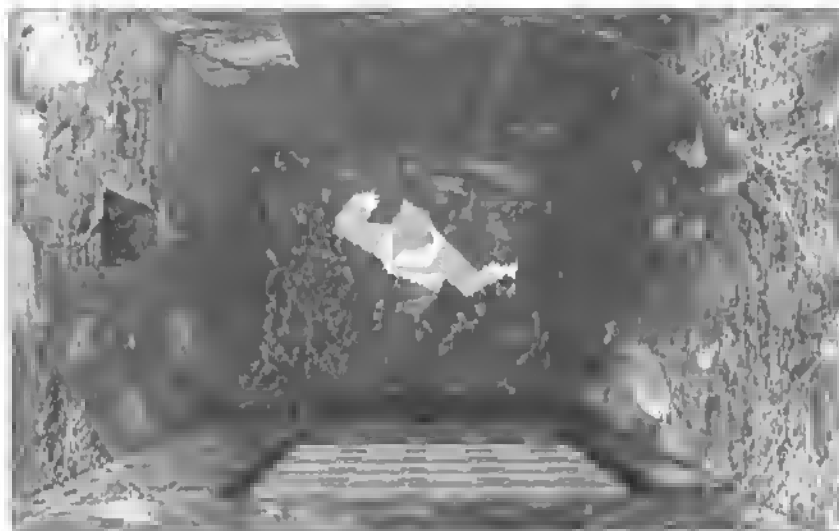
Chinese billiards table. Two seconds later, I dropped the ball inside. Bingo! The bookcase creaked open. My secret door beckoned. It was locked, but I had the key I had taken from the bad guy in the attic.

As soon as I set foot in One-Eyed Jack's secret room, I sensed danger. That place was as dark as the inside of a shark's belly. My nose hit something hard, hard. Then a chilling laugh froze my blood, and a bright light blinded me. After a few seconds, I was able to squint. There was no doubt about the man with the gun: it was One-Eyed Jack himself! I would have jumped on him, but I was stuck in some kind of bird cage. Jack was smiling down at a little girl. That's right, Grace Saunders was happily playing next to one of the great psychokillers of history.

One-Eyed Jack wasn't in any hurry to put me out of my misery, which suited me just fine. He sensed the solemnity of the occasion and decided to tell me the moving story of his dastardly deeds. When he was done, he raised his revolver, no doubt feeling it was time for me to meet my maker. I glanced one last time at the poor little child I had been unable to save from the clutches of this heartless evildoer.

As you can imagine, it all happened very fast. As Jack lovingly squeezed the trigger of his gun, Grace bolted out of the room! Jack

Figure 2-31
Prison Cell. Jack's story
may not have a very
good hook, but you do.
Use Sean O'Leary's hook
—he was the
accordion-gunner,
remember?—on the
cell door.



couldn't decide whether to finish me off or run after the girl. Finally, he decided to finish me off.

Only kidding! Actually, he sprinted after the little girl. I thanked the powers that be for my reprieve, unlocked the door of my prison with the hook I had won from the accordion player, and ran after them.

I bounded down the stairs and heard the front door open. If the gangsters were going to leap into a car, it was all over. But that's not what happened....



Figure 2-32a, b, c, d
Everybody's got a tale of woe around Hell's Kitchen. I guess, including Elisabeth Jarrett. (She could use a little sun, don't you think?)

The front door was shut. I rushed into the guardroom, where I'd noticed some windows. The howling wind at my back made me turn around. Elisabeth Jarret was one decorative dame. But what a lousy hostess! She came at me, and she meant business. Being a gentleman, I stepped back a pace or two and would have kept on going if the wall hadn't stopped me. Well, I tried one of my relaxed grins. She grinned right back. The next thing I knew, I was floating in the air again. My head felt like it was inside a bell, doing the ringing. I lost consciousness.

When I came around, I was in irons, deep in the hold of a ship. Beside me was the poor exhausted little Saunders girl. Then I saw Elisabeth Jarret. Her cold eyes bore into mine, and I felt her rummaging through my soul. In her hands, she held a doll, which looked like someone I knew very well. Me. My first thought was "voodoo." Then, like Jack, she told me her life story:

"More than two centuries ago, Elisabeth Jarret arrived in Haiti. I was an innocent little girl then. But my new tutor, Henry Cotten, taught me fear and contempt. In secrecy, a slave from the plantation taught me to ride the shadows. Soon the pupil grew stronger than the master. Cotten felt the weight of my revenge and became my creature. Soldiers captured us, but did they recognize Cotten? The Flying Dutchman was my prison. I was thrown into the hold with my creature.... I could "see" where the Captain kept the spare key to my irons. My spirit wandered.... One-Eyed Jack "heard" my call and knew what reward awaited him. My soul guided him.... Death is



my ally. One-Eyed Jack signed the pact, and he and his crew became immortal. Every hundred years, we had but to sacrifice an innocent girl, so she would grow old instead of us... At long last, I felt the breath of freedom."

Her story was over. As she flew off, the witch contemptuously twisted the doll she held. Pain seared through my body. My muscles felt like they were tearing apart. After an eternity, she relaxed her grip. Every ounce of energy had been wrung from me. As I slipped into oblivion, I saw Grace pushing a plank.

Grace Saunders' Adventure

Grace later told me what she did. I get cold sweats just thinking about it. She tiptoed into the guardroom. She was welcomed by a parrot. A little birdseed was enough to get him singing. Grace listened with great care to his little rhyme:

If it is the staff you're looking for,
It has been hidden, what a bore,
In the cabin of the one-eyed man.
That's where you should seek it, if you can.
If you please,
Do not sneeze.

The kid managed to find a sandwich to eat and a pepperpot. On the wall, she saw a useful plan of the ship, which indicated, among

Figure 2-33
Prison Hold. Here's
where Grace takes over
for awhile. Direct her to
push that plank barrier
just in front of her.





Figure 2-34
Parrot's Room. Birds
will say anything for a
little seed.

other things, the position of the Captain's cabin on the first level. She also noticed that in the galley (the ship's kitchen), a dumb-waiter communicated with the kitchen up in the house.

Grace now had to get to One-Eyed Jack's cabin on the first level by way of the north ladder. She had just left the guardroom when she heard footsteps to her right. Grace instinctively ran to the left. A dead end! Both doors were locked. The footsteps were getting louder. Grace hid under the steps and held her breath. Just in time! The



Figure 2-35
Ship Corridor. Skip to
the left, then around the
corner to that little
compartiment. When the
guard stops...

Figure 2-36
...skip out and down
the hall in the other
direction to the north
ladder. Keep climbing
ladders until...



guard turned into the corridor and stopped. He seemed to hesitate. Turning his back to her, the guard gave Grace a chance to escape. She ran down the corridor and scrambled up the ladder to "safety."

From the first level, Grace was able to climb another ladder to the deck of the Flying Dutchman, which was littered with reminders of a bygone era: coils of rope, cannons, and kegs, not to mention quite a few drunken seadogs singing chanties no fragile young ears ought to hear.

Figure 2-37
...you reach the top
deck, where scurvy
seadogs howl their
chanties (and drop their
handy tinderboxes).



Very slowly, Grace slipped from hiding place to hiding place, making her way to the Captain's cabin. A thunder of applause made her look at the pirates. They were cheering the acrobatic feats of the amazing Mister Eye. In the excitement of the moment, no one noticed him drop his tinderbox lighter. No one except Grace, that is. It fell beside her hiding place, so no one saw her grab it.

The little girl finally made it to the hatchway that looked down onto the Captain's cabin. They say that fortune favors the brave. Well, Grace had been brave all right, and now she got a lucky break: a rope dangling down into the cabin. Grace disappeared through the hatchway and slid down the rope.

Once inside the Captain's cabin, Grace noticed his staff lying on the bed. She took it and went to leave. The rope to the hatchway had become unhooked, so the only way out was through the cabin door. Judging from the coarse laughter coming from the corridor, the trip wasn't going to be easy.

Grace stayed very calm and worked out a devilish scheme. In a chest, she found a miniature cannon. She positioned it carefully in front of the door to the corridor. Then she shook her pepperpot into the barrel of the cannon. Finally, she threw a crystal vase from the bookshelf onto the floor. The nearby laughter stopped. The door was thrown open, and light flooded in. A threatening figure stood in the doorway. Grace lit the fuse with her tinderbox lighter. The figure kept coming. At last the cannon fired a cloud of pepper in his face. He sneezed so hard, he banged his head on the doorframe and went

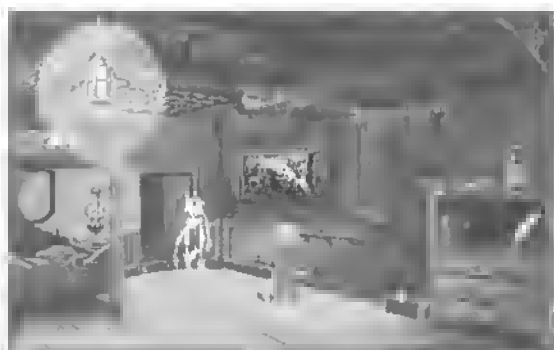


Figure 2-38a, b

Jack's Cabin. Here's what happens when you use a tinderbox on a mini-cannon packed with pepper. Neat.

down for the count! Grace searched him quickly and discovered a little bell, which she kept. She crept silently along the corridor. When she got to the galley, she heard footsteps coming her way. Praying that nobody would see her, Grace slipped into the galley.

The galley was a smallish room. Grace peeked through the door and saw two men climbing the south ladder. Oh no! They were cooks, obviously heading straight for the house kitchen to prepare Christmas dinner. There was no time to lose. The little girl looked for the dumbwaiter. There it was! She went up to it and rang her little bell. The result was almost immediate: the little door opened. Grace had just enough time to grab a chicken drumstick and a key from the table as she squeezed into the dumbwaiter.

After a rather scary ride up, Grace Saunders arrived in the kitchen of the house. Luckily, she was alone. Outside, a man stood guard. How could she get past him? Grace examined the kitchen. There were lots of sharp, pointy things, but Grace didn't like blood. Opening a closet, she saw the solution to her problem: a pot of molasses and an ice bucket filled with ice cubes. She carefully covered the floor with the ice cubes and then went over to the door. Sticking her tongue out at the startled guard, Grace backed into the kitchen. The guard sauntered after her, fairly confident of his ability to defeat her in one-on-one combat. He then stepped on an ice cube and gained a whole new perspective on the situation. As his ugly head smacked sickeningly on the floor, Grace headed for stairs.



Figure 2-39
Galley. Ring your bell
and hop in the
dumbwaiter for a joyful
ride to the upstairs
kitchen.

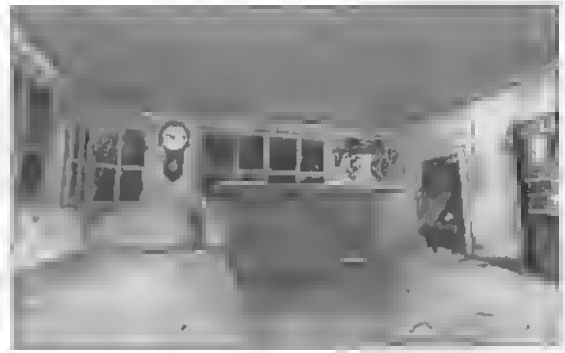


Figure 2-40a, b

Kitchen. Use the key on the floor to open the cabinet and get the ice and molasses. Spread ice by the door and...whoops!

Quiet as a mouse, Grace crept up to the second story. The guard pacing up and down didn't look very friendly. When he saw her, he lunged forward to grab her. Meanwhile, she fancied a little molasses but, oops, spilled it on the floor! That silly old guard just kept right on coming. By the time he realized that he should avoid the sticky stuff, he was already in it. While he struggled like a fly stuck on flypaper, Grace went into the billiards room.

Inside, she found a token in one of the pockets of the billiards table. Then she skipped along to One-Eyed Jack's desk, where she



Figure 2-41

Second Floor Guard. It worked with ice. Why not try molasses? Spread a little on the floor for the goon.

Figure 2-42
Billiards Room. First,
grab that token nestled
in the ball-return
compartment...



found lots of drawers she couldn't open. It was child's play to insert the Captain's staff into the matching hole in the desk. With a pleasant little click, the top drawer slid open. It contained a key to nice Mr. Carnby's shackles, also a book, *I Overcame Voodoo*, which Grace naturally took. Next stop: the witch's bedroom.

As Grace entered the witch's room, she felt nervous. All that spooky stuff, the skulls and weird masks. ... It was too much like the scary stories bigger kids sometimes told her. This time, though, it was more than just a story. All of a sudden, she felt very much alone. But

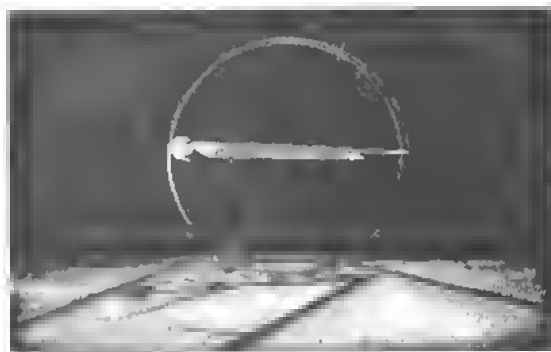
Figure 2-43
...then skip on into the
Captain's Room. Use his
staff on the desk in the
corner. You'll get the key
to Carnby's handcuffs.





Figure 2-44a, b, c

Witch's Bedroom. Guide Grace into the sorcery chamber. Put the captain's staff on the square floorstone...and watch it spin itself into the Loa staff.

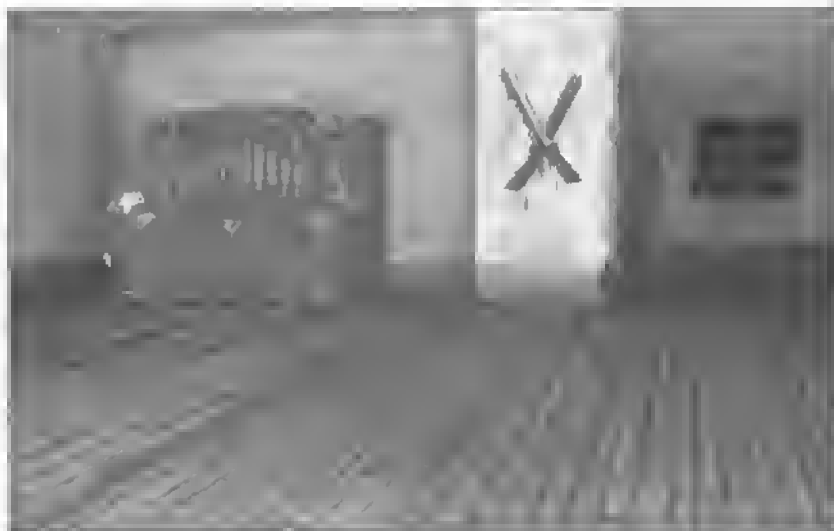


she also knew that her immediate enemy was fear, so she fought it and walked into the chamber of sorcery. There, she placed the Captain's staff on the flat stone in the center of the room. The staff immediately began to dance and twirl, becoming the staff of Loas, a powerful voodoo object. Keeping her imagination in check, Grace took the staff once more, not knowing what it was.

Grace had one objective: to get to Carnby and free him. She figured all she had to do was go back the way she had come, heading for the kitchen and taking the dumbwaiter down to the ship's galley. The only problem was the armed guard near the kitchen door. As silently as she could, Grace made her way into the guard-room, where she had previously noticed a foldaway bed. She placed her teddy bear exactly underneath and then went to the barrel organ. Hiding between the machine and the wall, she inserted her token. When the music started, the guard rushed in, saw the teddy bear and went to pick it up. When he leaned over, the bed fell on him with a resonnding thud!

The way was clear. Grace ran into the kitchen, rang her bell in front of the dumbwaiter and waited. A few moments later, the little door opened and she climbed in.

Figure 2-45
Guardroom. Put Grace's
teddy bear by the
folded-up bed, then
hide behind the barrel
organ. Insert the token
and watch the kitchen
guard get a surprise.



In the ship's galley, she was met by a small welcoming committee. The two cooks didn't like little girls hitching rides in their dumb-waiter. They seized Grace and made the mistake of taking her down to the lockup where I was chained in irons.

Carnby on the Loose Again

I had trouble believing it. The Saunders kid was actually throwing me the key to my chains! Unfortunately, at the time, she was being

Figure 2-46
Galley Slave? Don't
worry...this is supposed
to happen. If the cooks
don't catch Grace, she'll
never get back to
Carnby with the key to
his chains.





Figure 2-47

Prison Hold. That's no way to treat a kid! Get that key by your right foot, get free, and punch out that pirate.

roughed up by a bad guy, who was kind enough to turn his back on me. I opened the lock, but my Houdini act was kind of noisy. The pirate whirled around with a dangerous glint in his eye and a shiny cutlass at the ready. Well, I had been boiling with rage and frustration for some time, and beating the brains out of this bozo was the perfect way to vent those emotions. Rushing headlong at him, I attacked like a tornado. The scurvy dog came to a painful end. I was aroused now, and this ship was about to get cleaned out! I picked up the cutlass and went to the next room, where a noisy parrot covered



Figure 2-48

Outside Parrot's Room.

I know you got a Thompson from the last guy, but against some pirates, a pirate sword works best.

the oaths of my second victim. Moving through the hall, I took the left-hand corridor. Somebody tried to stop me. I don't even remember what the swine looked like. But he left me a short fuse and an old-fashioned pistol.

The next door I opened led to a room filled with kegs and bottles. These guys drank too much, even for thirsty cutthroats! Naturally, the place was guarded. Why, it was none other than Shorty Leg, my old friend from the statue of One-Eyed Jack. "History repeats itself," they say. Far be it from me to prove otherwise: I killed Shorty Leg again, but this time I cut him to bits with my sword. Before making his exit, old Shorty managed to drop a pistol, some lead bullets, a flask, and a coat of chainmail. I pushed aside one of the barrels to find a second coat of chain mail and a bottle containing an extract from the *Book of Marvels*.

I didn't want to spend too long in that room, so after putting on the chain mail, I head for the first door on my right. It wasn't locked, so I gave it a gentle shove and found myself in the ship's hold.

Things went pretty quickly in the hold, I didn't see Black Hat at first, so he had all the time in the world to aim his pair of pistols at me. The bullet that should have killed me just bounced off the chain mail. It was his turn to taste cold steel. I stabbed and hacked 'til he was forced to fall down dead. In his will, he left me some bullets for my charming old pistol. Next stop, the blacksmith's.

Inside the foundry, the heat was intense. The two blacksmiths, on the other hand, eyed me rather coldly. Their fine blades would have



Figure 2-49
Barrel Room. Shorty Leg just isn't himself these days. Grab that chain mail he leaves behind!

turned me into bite-size chunks if my footwork hadn't been good. Flashing my famous daredevil grin, I wielded my own sword, impressing those hamfisted lugs with the elegance of my deadly technique. They died at the hands of a master!

I calmly inspected their workplace. The wood-burning furnace was blazing away. With great care, I lifted the white-hot poker that stood before the furnace door: a noble instrument and a kind weapon, since it wounded and cauterized its victim with the same stab. I must admit, however, that I felt more adventurous fighting with a cutlass.

I decided to take along the excellent pair of pincers that lay on the workbench behind the furnace. They looked like they needed a change of pace. On the floor, I came across a key. The words *powder magazine* were scratched into it. My heart sang with joy; gunpowder has always been one of my great loves. The key fit the end door perfectly.

Like a lot of the rooms I'd visited in Hell's Kitchen, the powder magazine was guarded. The fellow who now faced me was no stranger; I had already killed him. De Witt, you'll recall, was a keen duelist and set about me with a flashing blade and some very classy moves. Unfortunately for him, he didn't live long enough to put my lessons to use. He had no use for his bag of sand, his little barrel of gunpowder, or his book, so I inherited them.

Having done about as much damage as I could in the hold, I climbed the metal ladder up to the first level. The first door I looked through opened into a room containing a ship's cannon. The foundry on the



Figure 2-50
Foundry. After
introducing the
blacksmith boys to
superior fencing, take
their poker and pliers.

Figure 2-51
Powder Magazine.
DeWitt's a bit tougher
swordsman than the
other lugs who man this
vessel. After you
dispatch him, pick up
his little powder keg,



level below connected with this room via a large opening in the floor. Intrigued, I went in.

Inside the armorer's, the guy who was supposed to be guarding the cannon was in fact catching up on his beauty sleep. He had a lot of catching up to do. More sleepers could be heard in the room opposite.

I pushed open the door. As I thought, this was the dormitory. Three pirates, lying in bunk beds, were probably dreaming about smoke and plunder on the high seas. They looked so happy that I hadn't the heart to wake them up. In fact, I felt it only right to give those boys all the sleep they needed. I put the little keg of powder down facing the big cannon over in the armorer's. Then, taking out my pincers, I set about cutting through the chains that held the cannon in place. Everything was going fine; the only sound was my pincers cutting through tough steel. The guard had stopped that horrible snoring. I silently thanked him, then felt the hairs on the back of my neck running for cover. I spun around just in time to see the guard preparing to impale me. I hate being impaled; it's not dignified. So I had no choice but to kill the guy.

Once the chains were cut, I turned the cannon around to face the little powder keg. Pushing that cast-iron monster wasn't easy, but the next bit made it all worthwhile. I put my short fuse onto the firing nozzle. Everything was ready. I silently wished the sleepers happy landings and lit the fuse with my poker.

Figure 2-52
Cannon Room. Cut the chains with the pliers, then push the cannon into position, as seen here. If you left the little powder keg across the hall (see it over there?)...



That little barrel of gunpowder lived up to my expectations. The only things I found in the smoking wreckage of the dormitory were a flask and a small bag of gold coins. That last item gave me an idea, and I headed for the galley to try it out.

As I neared the galley, I heard high-pitched laughter. The door was locked, but I just shook my bag of gold coins and waited. What pirate worthy of the name can resist the sound of pieces of eight?

Figure 2-53
... you can deliver some really sweet dreams to the pirates sleeping in the dormitory.



Figure 2-54

Outside the Galley. A shake of your coin bag brings these cute little fellows out. Better dispatch them quick—meat cleavers can do amazing things to one's lower extremities.



Sure enough, the galley door flew open, and out waddled two tiny characters wielding hatchets. I chuckled at them, but they didn't get the joke. As a matter of fact, they put up quite a fight. I almost felt sorry when my sword finally ended their short existence. (Pardon the pun.)

I went through to the pantry, where I ran into an old sparring partner. T-Bone wasn't looking too healthy, but his blowpipe still spewed poisoned darts. In close-quarter fighting, a blowpipe starts to look kind of silly. He left behind a strange item: a metal jack of

Figure 2-55

Pantry. T-Bone lives! Not very well, though... because this time you have something a little more lethal than a frying pan to swing upside his head.



diamonds. I figured it probably functioned as a key. Opposite the kitchen, I had noticed a door, so I went back and tried the metal card in its unusual lock. It worked! I entered the room beyond.

Even as I stepped into the Captain's room, I felt strange. My fears proved to be justified when, a couple of seconds later, my feet floated off the floor. A sense of duty made me test my muscles; they were all out to lunch. The really scary thing was that I could still see and hear. And I saw a very welcome sight: Grace Saunders grinning from ear to ear.

She tiptoed over to the Captain's statue and placed the staff of Loas in its outstretched hand. I wasn't too surprised to see a passage open, leading into Elisabeth Jarret's room. Miss Jarret was so busy deciding what nasty thing she wanted to do with the doll she held that she never noticed Grace. The little girl had discovered a book that said a simple chicken leg could defeat voodoo magic. Moving toward the witch, Grace held up the drumstick, looking as though she actually believed everything she'd read. I'll never sneer at a chicken again. It was as if all the witch's occult powers had turned against her; Jarret rose in the air and melted before our astonished gaze!

Jarret's death abruptly ended the spell that kept me suspended in the air. Luckily, my nose was there to cushion the fall. I picked myself up and was about to do the same for Grace and bring her back to her mommy and daddy, when a bad thing happened. From the floor in front of me emerged a creature that wasn't just hideous, it was big, with muscles that rippled like the surface of a swimming pool



Figure 2-56a, b
Captain's Room. Back to Grace. Use the staff of Loas with the Captain's statue to open Elisabeth's door. Then use that scrawny chicken foot...and watch the fireworks.

Figure 2-57
Hallway. You don't want
to fool around with this
guy. Hurry up the
ladder...



into which a herd of elephants had just dived. I fixed the beast with a masterful stare that works every time on small dogs. Then I fled up the ladder to the ship's deck.

After fleeing that indescribably monster, I was quite relieved to face only a host of bloodthirsty pirates on the deck. My fear now turned to irritation, and Music Man was the first to be punished. He had made little progress in his music, I was sorry to see. This time, having no pact of immortality to tear up, I just shot him in the head.

His buddies soon joined him in death. For a proficient swordsman like me, these adversaries were no more than amusing playthings. As

Figure 2-58
...and get topside.

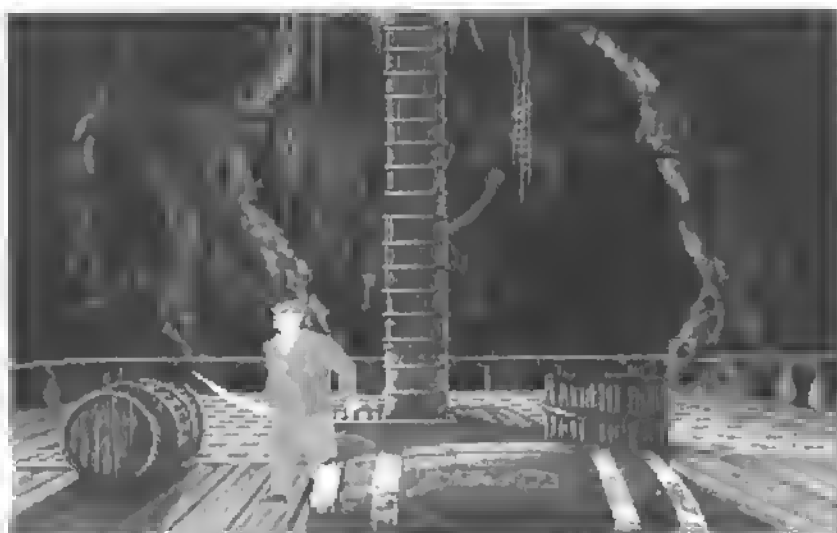


Figure 2-59
Deck. First Music Man,
then a couple other
brawny pirate scum. But
where'd Mister Eye and
that annoying acrobat
go? Hint: Try up.



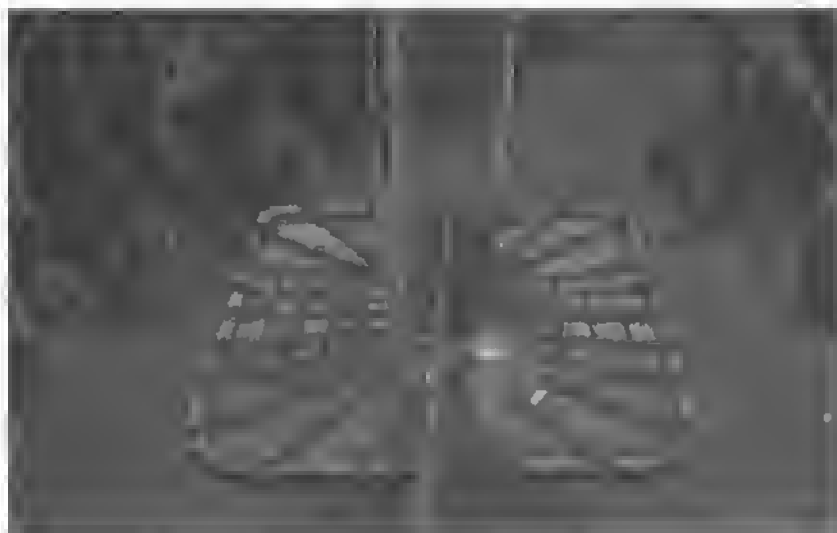
I sent them on their way into eternity, Bubble Blade scrambled up the mizzenmast and Mister Eye climbed up to his lookout post in the crow's nest. When I had finished on deck, I followed Mister Eye. The other mast had no ladder, and if I my ancestors were really apes, they can't have been the tree-dwelling type.

The lookout post was perfect for anyone seeking a way to break his neck. This tiny little platform 60 feet above the deck was home to Mister Eye. Let me fill you in on his background. He was born at Nouânighar and eventually deported to Haiti. He led a meaningless existence until he made Miss Jarret's acquaintance. She initiated him

Figure 2-60
Crow's Nest. Hope you
aren't one of those
vertigo people. Mister
Eye isn't too tough,
fortunately.



Figure 2-61
Swashbuckle! Use your
hook here, with the
rope that runs across to
the mizzenmast...



into voodoo as her servant. After the attack on December 25, he was made lookout because of his exceptional eyesight. He also handled the harpoon with remarkable dexterity. I managed to best him, though, forcing him onto the defensive with thrust and parry, until finally he just stepped back into thin air!

Bubble Blade was still alive, a situation I intended to correct. I was up the mainmast, and he was over on the mizzenmast. He was in no hurry to come to me, so I had to take the initiative. And there was no time to lose: One-Eyed Jack was down on deck, getting Grace ready

Figure 2-62
...then call in your stunt
double. (It's too
dangerous for a star
like you.)



Figure 2-63
Mizzenmast. Bubble-
Blade's a flashy acrobat,
but his swordplay
grades about a C+.



for sacrifice. Silently swearing at fate, I used my hook to grab a dangling rope, closed my eyes, and leaped.

There we were, Bubble Blade and I, standing on a horizontal pole high above the deck about to fight a duel. My adversary tried to bolster my confidence by performing cute acrobatic tricks that should have been impossible. He was also an expert with a sword. Thinking that I might as well get it over with, I attacked. Bubble Blade was surprised; he clearly expected me to be paralyzed by fear. Anyhow, he hesitated for a second. I didn't want him to change his opinion of me, so I attacked again with all the rage I had in me. He wasn't used to getting killed that way, and he took it badly.

Well, the time had come at last for my showdown with the evil boss of all that murderous riffraff; the infamous One-Eyed Jack! Leaping to the deck, I went to where Captain Nichols' sword stuck up from the deck. I had read that this weapon alone could put an end to Jack's bloody career.

With the Captain's sword in hand, I walked with a firm step to where One-Eyed Jack waited. He let me cut Grace's chains with my pincers. As she scampered to temporary safety, Jack and I squared off to decide her fate.

He slashed at me. I dodged the blow with a split second to spare. My enemy's one good eye stared at me stonily. His two swords twirled in the air like dancers. I parried as best I could. The fight went on, deadly and bitter and hard. I was growing tired. Soon, I was bound to make a mistake and then Jack would strike like lightning. I had to

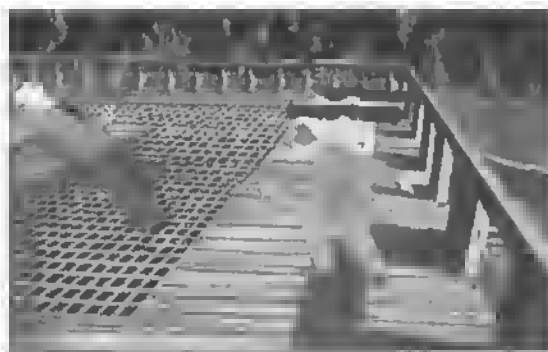
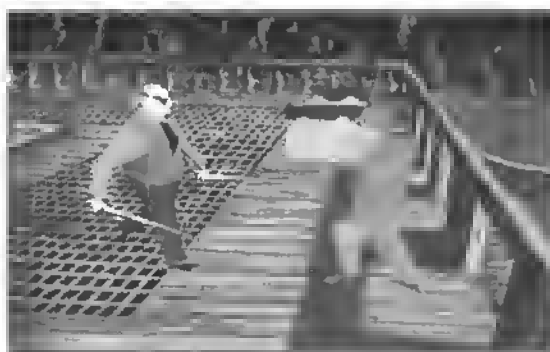


Figure 2-64a, b

Final Confrontation. Battle Jack himself. (Be sure to set Grace free first.) Yeah, he's got two swords. But he's not that tough...if you stay aggressive.

gamble on a sudden attack. It worked! Jack stared at me in disbelief, then crumpled to the deck. I closed my eyes and laughed with relief.

Another laugh, blood-curdling, the cackle of the tomb, echoed through that cavern. One-Eyed Jack was back on his feet. He lashed out at me with the power of demons. Where I found the speed and strength to parry that attack, I will never know. Maybe I had come too far and seen too much to let that scumbag beat me. Maybe I just wanted to get Grace back home for Christmas. Maybe it was because Ted Striker was one of the few friends I ever had. Maybe it was all of those things. One-Eyed Jack couldn't be allowed to continue his reign of terror. I found the energy I needed and destroyed him.



Figure 2-65
After you "slay" Jack the second time, you'll hop into a rowboat with Grace and make a run for it.

There was no time to lose. I grabbed Grace and jumped into the lifeboat. We were practically out of the cavern when an explosion shook the air. The ghost of One-Eyed Jack was firing the ship's cannons. Huge lumps of rock toppled from the cavern walls and smashed into the ship below. Giant waves spread out from each impact. Our rowboat was tossed out onto the open ocean.

Outside, the water was calm. The kid was safe at last, and the sun was peeking over the horizon. It was going to be an okay day.





Further Adventures

3

Jack in the Dark

Jack in the Dark, a little game offered as a gift to buyers of *Alone in the Dark 1*, is both a charming "snack" and an introduction to Grace Saunders, one of the stars of *Alone 2*. It's easy and quick to play, and it's fun.

A curious child enters a toy shop, little suspecting that it is cursed! As with all of the *Alone* titles, *Jack* takes place at a special time of the year: Halloween. Naturally, as Grace steps inside the store, the door slams shut behind her.



Figure 3-1
Here's the setup: Little Grace Saunders tries to "trick-or-treat" a Toy Store on Halloween.

Figure 3-2
Once inside, Grace finds
herself locked in...
and surrounded by an
odd assortment of
cursed toys.



How to Win

To win the game, here's what you do:

1. Pick up the dime that's lying on the floor.
2. Take the oil lamp from behind the counter and read the book; it will tell you how the curse came about and how to defeat the living toys.

Figure 3-3
Pick up that oil lamp!
You never know when a
nice oil slick might
come in handy.



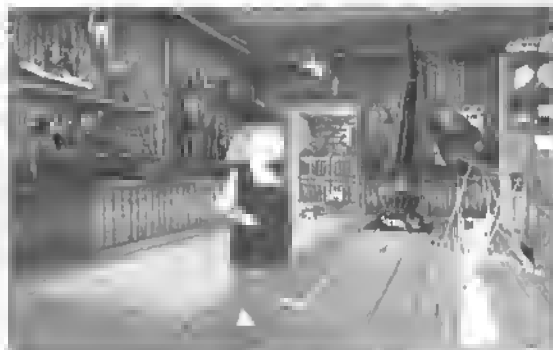


Figure 3-4a, b, c

For a real treat, use the dime in the candy machine.



3. "Use" the dime in the candy dispenser beside the jack-in-the-box. When you take the candy, the puppet princess will hop down and cast her spells at you. Empty the lamp to make her fall and disappear.

When the puppet princess hops down to hurl some grief at you, empty your oil lamp.

She'll slip and disappear.

4. Three puppets come hunting for you! Grab the drum from the chest on the floor and use it (start playing). Now watch those nice little puppets hop right into the chest.
5. Go into the next room and take the make-up set and the mirror. Put the make-up down in front of the dolls guarding Santa's prison. Take the candy that one of the dolls drops and return to the main room.
6. Walk over to the jack-in-the-box and give him the candy. As soon as he swallows it, hand him the mirror.

Figure 3-5

Use that drum. Those three annoying puppets will march right out of your hair and into the chest.



The Toys

All the toys are described in *The Toy Book* provided in the game. Here are a few snippets of pertinent information:



The Imperial Guard cavalryman actually exists and was indeed built according to instructions provided by the patriotic French artist Théodore Géricault.

Figure 3-6

In the back room, take the vanity case and mirror from the corner. Then put it in front of the dolls guarding Santa. When they get engrossed, grab the candy stick they drop.





Figure 3-7a

In the main room, give One-Eyed Jack the candy. As soon as he swallows it, use the mirror on him. Ever seen a puppet get so bummed out?



Figure 3-7b

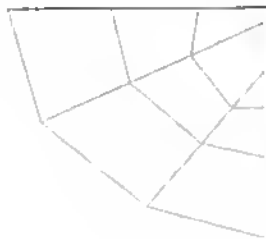
Congratulations!

- ❶ The jack-in-the-box was, of course, inspired by the infamous One-Eyed Jack himself, who could very well turn out to be to Carnby what Professor Moriarty was to Sherlock Holmes!
- ❷ Beppo the Clown was not, in fact, given to Jack the Ripper, because nobody knows that surgical gentleman's identity. The toy is thought to have been a gift to the notorious Frenchman Henri Landru, who was guillotined in 1922 for the murder of 10 women and a young boy. After seducing the women, Landru brought them to his home where he strangled and then roasted them in his kitchen oven. In 1947, Charlie Chaplin made a fine film on the subject, entitled "Monsieur Verdoux."



Figure 3-8

Ho ho ho! Here's looking at you, kid!



The disciplined little Prussian puppet was made by Gepetto, creator of the well-known Pinocchio.

Not Just a Pretty Face

The Infogrames developers used the small format of *Jack* to test a different technique for designing backgrounds. The rooms were first created as artist's sketches. These drawings served as models for the 3-D wireframe constructs and provided ideas for camera positioning. The artists were then able to make a greater contribution; technology was serving them rather than the other way around. So, the power-to-the-creators ethic adopted by Infogrames is filtering successfully into every corner of a heavily technician-oriented work environment, and it may well be transferred to the much more ambitious canvas of *Alone in the Dark 3*.

This apparently insignificant reversal in the order of creation is an example of how the entire industry will have to change its approach to game design. Leaving center stage, technology must assume the lower-profile, enabling function that it has in other entertainment media. With the *Alone in the Dark* virtual mysteries, Infogrames has helped facilitate the transition from computer game to interactive movie.

CD-ROM Versions

The music, brooding and rich, is all you could hope for. Atmospheric jingles and sound effects, triggered by the player's actions, are part of the interactivity, making the total experience one of intense involvement in the virtual adventure.

In the CD-ROM version of *Alone 1*, the graphics are upgraded. The voice-overs make the books and parchments even more realistic.

Alone 2 on CD-ROM is yet another step ahead. Here the characters not only benefit from better graphics and animation but become even more life-like with voices. You also get to play two episodes with Grace. In the disk version, Carnby is taken prisoner in the house; when he regains consciousness, he's inside the ship. On the CD, Grace takes charge as soon as Carnby is captured in the house; she must make her way to the garden and find the secret passage that leads to the ship. The CD includes 16 more locations than the disk version.



The future looks exciting for the *Alone* series. Look forward to sharply written dialogs spoken and acted by movie and TV professionals, as interactivity finally enters the "talkies" age.

Carnby moseys out to solve an alchemical mystery in a wild west ghost town. The idea came from writer Hubert Chardot's interest in western movies and the old dream of transforming base metal into gold. As you might expect, it's a little more complicated than that. . . . In the meantime, here are a couple of glimpses of what's in store.

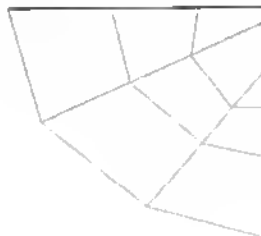
The following short episode was originally slated for inclusion in the Hell's Kitchen caper (between the garden and the pirate ship), but there wasn't enough room, so it evolved into the basis for the *Alone 3* ghost town locale. This version is the original Hell's Kitchen concept and may change quite a bit before the final release.

Night. The Mine.

The mine is a short series of right-angled corridors. Fourteen emaciated men in threadbare Civil War uniforms (Union and Confederate) guard the mine. At the entrance to the shaft, Carnby finds a hefty crowbar; he uses it to eliminate the first of the guards and take his Winchester repeating rifle. As he moves along the shaft, he picks up ammo.

The first stretch leads to a bunker with two guards inside. The only way to get the better of them is to roll a wagon along the railroad track (the small rusty kind you find in abandoned mines). The guards come out to see what's going on, and Carnby does what a man's gotta do.

From there, a second shaft starts. It also boasts a railroad track. Carnby comes to a switch lever and finds a wagon with two gun-totin' varmints hunkered down inside. The wagon is held in place by a padlock, which Carnby shoots away. The wagon rolls down the track and can go either of two ways. If Carnby doesn't pull the switch lever, the wagon just speeds along and finally flips over; if he does, the wagon smashes a hole in the wall, offering easy access to the pathway to the Flying Dutchman. In either case, the two bad guys are pulp.

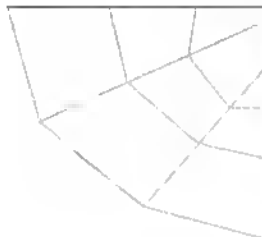


Carnby fights his way along the pathway and reaches the final location in the mine. Captain Red is there, dressed in black. Those Winchester bullets have no effect on this bruiser, who stalks up to Carnby and splats him into the wall. As the detective sinks into merciful unconsciousness, he sees Captain Red morph into... Elisabeth Jarret!

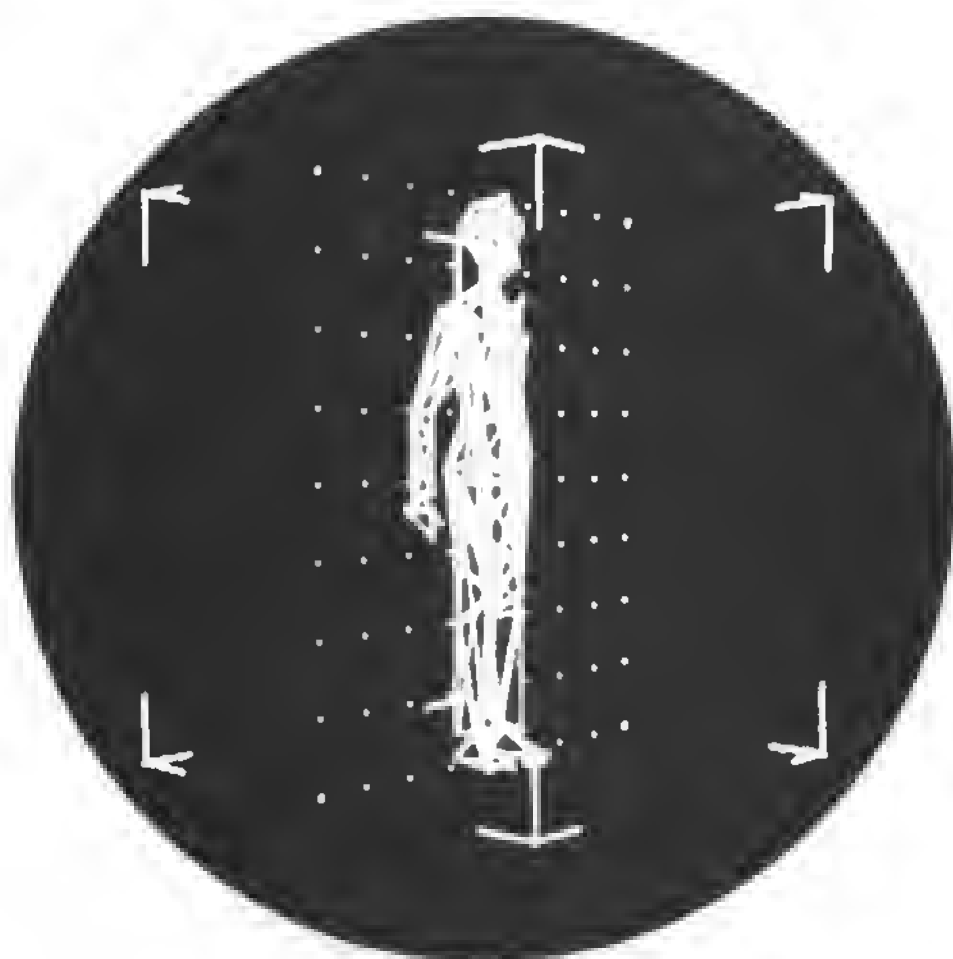
Alone 3 will take place on July 4th. The game returns to the more claustrophobic, scary atmosphere of the first mystery, with slightly less emphasis on pure action and a heady mix of 1920s U.S.A. and the dark Magick of the European Middle Ages.

The following is from an early draft script for the introduction to *Alone in the Dark 3*. The finished product may be quite different.

- Sequence 1 Exterior day, Mojave Desert: Wide shot. The desert as the sun sets. Screen text displays: MOJAVE DESERT JULY 3 1925. In the distance, two backlit riders gallop left to right. In the foreground, a cowboy raises a Winchester rifle to his shoulder, aims, and fires. The first rider goes down.
- Sequence 2 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, different angle: Shot of downed rider from above. His body rolls over in the dust. A circular can falls from his hand. The Hill Century Studio logo is stamped on the can.
- Sequence 3 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, same angle as Sequence 1: The dead man's horse keeps going. The second rider brings his horse to a stop and tries to turn it around. The foreground cowboy, seen from behind, takes a few steps forward and shoulds his Winchester again.
- Sequence 4 Exterior day, Mojave Desert: Shot of second rider, still backlit. In the foreground, the barrel of the rifle is aimed—BLAM! The horse rears, throws its rider, and gallops off. The man with the rifle starts walking toward his victims.
- Sequence 5 Exterior day, Mojave Desert: The second rider is a woman, Emily Hartwood (see *Alone 1*). She crawls over to the body of her companion, a young man, and picks up his Colt revolver. The rifleman's shadow fills the screen. The young woman whips around and fires several shots.
- Sequence 6 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, different angle: Reverse shot. View from below of the cowboy rifleman. He chuckles (message: they were blanks) and cocks his Winchester. He aims at the girl, but at the last moment fires to one side. BLAM!



- Sequence 7 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, different angle: Closeup of a can of film. It explodes when the bullet hits it.
- Sequence 8 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, same angle as Sequence 1: The girl and the rifle-bearing cowboy, both backlit, move off to the right. The camera follows them. In the foreground, a crooked, dried-out wooden sign points to the right. It reads SLAUGHTER GULCH. POP 667, but this text has been crossed out in red and replaced with a scrawl: BURN IN HELL. High in the cloudless sky, an eagle soars lazily.
- Sequence 9 Presentation text: Flames invade the screen and text appears: HAVING SOLD DERCETO, EMILY HARTWOOD NOW WORKS FOR THE HILL CENTURY MOVIE STUDIOS. THEIR LATEST COWBOY FEATURE, "THE LAST RANGER," WAS BEING SHOT IN THE DESERT. BUT FILMING WAS INTERRUPTED WHEN EMILY'S HORSE WAS FOUND RIDERLESS FIVE MILES AWAY. SOMETHING TOLD ME IT WAS TIME TO GO BACK INTO THE DARK. ALONE. Fade to black. Link to the sound of a motorbike.
- Sequence 10 Exterior day, Mojave Desert, same angle as Sequence 1: Carnby, backlit, rides a motorbike from left to right. Screen text reads: MOJAVE DESERT JULY 3 1925. Sound of a tire bursting. The 3 explodes and is replaced with a 4. The motorbike is destabilized by the punctured tire and zigzags.
- Sequence 11 Exterior day, Mojave Desert: Closeup of the punctured front tire near the film-reel can. Carnby picks up the can. Titles and credits, silent movie style.
- Sequence 12 Exterior day, entrance to Slaughter Gulch: Carnby is in the foreground. In the middle distance stands the ghost town. Carnby goes down the ravine. The screen displays the title: *Alone in the Dark 3*.



Background and Technical Material

4

Infogrames

Let's take a brief look at the company that makes the *Alone in the Dark* series. Founded in 1983 by Bruno Bonnell and Christophe Sapet, Infogrames is the oldest established French company specializing in the production and distribution of interactive leisure programs on multimedia platform. Today Infogrames is a leader in the market.

Situated at the crossroads of the three great markets of multimedia, data processing, and telecommunications, Infogrames produces interactive programs and creates active, variable-geometry worlds, scenarios, and characters intended for all types of interactive equipment. The group is dedicated to the manufacture and international distribution of high-quality programs that are both entertaining and educational. These programs are distributed in a variety of forms:

- Cartridges for game consoles (Nintendo and Sega)
- PC disks (IBM-compatible and Apple)
- Interactive compact discs for CD-I and CD-ROM drives
- Videotext services
- Music and sound applications

Infogrames also produces interactive television programs, combining the technologies of the future—digital TV, computer image processing, virtual reality, satellite transmission—and offering

new fields of expertise to artists, technicians, and other interactive specialists.

The Future

A whole generation of kids today can barely imagine what life was like in the primitive days before Nintendo. Far from being a one-season fad or buzzword, interactivity is beginning to change our everyday lives in a big way with interactive television, satellite connections, and interactive cable link-up. Technology is moving fast, and tomorrow it will be commonplace to call up any movie or program you want to watch, learn Chinese on TV, or choose from hundreds of fantastic virtual universes to visit and interact with, all without moving from your armchair.

Infogrames is at the leading edge of that technology. It has the know-how, it has 10 years of hands-on experience, and it has a clear understanding of the key to interactivity's success: human creativity. Imagination is the future.

Recent Infogrames Success Stories

The following are a few of the popular and award-winning programs released by Infogrames during the past several years.





Adventure Games

Shadow of the Comet on personal computer

Kether on CD-I

Simulation Games

Sim City on personal computer

-  Generation 4 Gold Award 1989 for best realization
-  Tilt Gold Award 1989 for best simulation
-  European Grand Prix 1989 for best original creation
-  Best Simulation of the Year

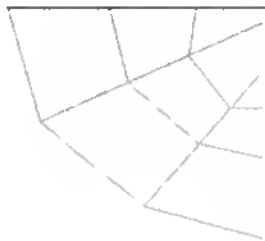
Stunt Island on personal computer

Advantage Tennis on personal computer

-  Generation 4 Gold Award 1991 for best sports simulation

International Tennis Open on CD-I

-  Best Entertainment Title 1993



Platform Games

Asterix: Caesar's Challenge on CD-I

Asterix for Nintendo Game Boy, NES, and SNES

The Smurfs for Nintendo Game Boy, SNES, NES, Game Gear, Master System, and Mega Drive

Interactive TV

Teletennis on French TV channels France 2, France 3

The Technology

Virtual reality, real-time 3-D, interactive movies—these concepts have been floating around for quite some time now, and everyone is waiting for the miracle to arrive in the stores. "As the new technology filters down to PC level, the games will ultimately follow" seems to be the consensus.

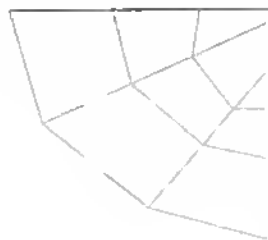
"In the meantime, why not enjoy some pretty 3-D animation? Okay, so there's not much for the player to do, but you don't expect us to give you 3-D and rich real-time gameplay in one package, do you? You'll have to wait for the technology, just like everyone else!" That approach is great if you happen to be a spectator, but it can be pretty frustrating for a hands-on adventure player.

The people at Infogrames, players themselves, wondered if they really had to hang around while technology caught up. Instead of waiting until there was a head-mounted virtual reality display in every home, why not make the best possible use of the good ol' PC?

They took advantage of a programming technology that has been around for a long time: the 3-D polygon, much loved by flight simulators. Their challenge was to marry that technique to a sophisticated system of real-time animation and let the player control it inside a 3-D universe that didn't look like a wireframe geometry class from hell.

The Puppet Master

Several extraordinary programming tools were developed. The first, 3-D Desk, created by Frédérick Raynal, is a model-maker, or builder, of three-dimensional graphic objects (anything from a simple candlestick to a human character). What makes this 3-D tool so special is that the artist constructs the object inside a single 3-D cube. Rather




than flipping through a series of 2-D windows in order to see the modeled object from all angles, the user can simply manipulate the on-screen cube any way he or she wants. Not only that: with this tool, the artist can model and animate an object, watch the result, and correct it in 3-D, right there and then.

Every 3-D object in *Alone* is made up of a number of polygons. On average, it takes 250 polygons to build one character. When each segment of a character has been modeled (or built up), each constituent polygon is colored in. With 256 available colors, the program can vary the color-shading according to the precise relation of each polygon to the current light source.

Many of the objects, not only the humans and monsters, are then prepared for animation using the same software tool. An articulation point is precisely placed on each of the character's "moving parts," connecting that element to the next; a complete arm, for example, might have four linked moving parts (shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, and hand) with three articulations, or rotation points, at the shoulder, elbow, and wrist. At this stage, the object is like a complex puppet without the strings needed to bring it to life.

The artist, an electronic "puppet master," having modeled and articulated his or her creation, now breathes life into it by adding the invisible strings. To animate a particular graphic sequence, the object's position and posture are defined as a number of key points in the sequence. A zombie chicken might have a sequence consisting of three key points, while a walking human would have six. The animator also determines how much time must elapse between each of these key points. When you see the zombie chicken in the game, it does not assume position #1, wait for 0.3 seconds, then assume position #2 for another 0.2 seconds, then position #3. The software uses your PC to calculate in real time a series of positions and postures between each of the key points in the sequence. That creates the smooth transition from one key point to the next. This technique is used in professional film animation. The number of intermediate frames calculated by any one computer depends on its speed and varies between 10 and 70 frames per second. The time the zombie chicken takes to run through its sequence is the same for all machines; only the number of intermediate frames changes. Obviously, the faster the computer, the smoother the animation.

Another feature of this modeling tool is its *rhythm calibrator*. To prevent the characters and creatures from moving like machines, the



intermediate phases have built-in lifelike rhythm! This function is one of the features that makes the characters' movements so natural.

As the character or beast walks or runs around the screen, it moves through a connected series of sequences; a bad guy can come in, walk in one direction, suddenly turn toward the hero, approach him and raise a gun, then stop, aim, and fire. And so on. Linking these animated sequences (in *Alone I*, each main character uses about 100) also requires precise calculation; players are not supposed to notice the joins.

A Model Mansion

The backgrounds created for the *Alone* adventures are among the most sumptuous in any computer game. Many players imagine that the characters are 3-D, while the backgrounds are 2-D. Actually, behind each bitmapped image is a 3-D object.

The backgrounds are made with a *scene editor* developed especially for *Alone in the Dark*. This scene editor models each location in 3-D wireframe parallelograms.

Once the room is modeled, a "camera" can be moved about inside, allowing the artists to choose and freeze the best angles from which to see the action. Enough camera positions are chosen to cover all possible actions in the location. The atmosphere generated in the *Alone* games is due in great measure to this cinematic approach. When the views have been selected, a graphic artist paints over the parallelograms to produce a natural-looking backdrop.

Putting the Puppet on Stage

Once the locations and characters exist, the two must be matched up. The precise camera positions chosen for the backgrounds are fed into 3-D Desk and applied to the animated object. When the monster moves around within any camera's field of vision, the distance and perspective are correct.

Coding the scenario requires its own language, which manages objects and animations, the hero and his inventory, the locations and camera organization. The *Alone* series uses a scenario language that treats everything as an individual object independent of the hero. Each object leads a separate existence according to its own set of instructions. The big advantage, from the programmer's point of view, is that it lightens the load on the hero, effectively decentralizing



The Mystery World

object/character management and speeding up coding and, ultimately, play.

While the programming team was busy developing the software tools, Infogrames designers were working on the games that would use them. The original objective was to create action games using the 3-D polygons. The introduction of lush bitmapped images for the backgrounds added an entire dimension to the system, raising it to a perfect medium for mystery adventuring.

Apparently, Infogrames' Chief Executive Bruno Bonnell started out by explaining that he wanted "somebody walking round in the dark." Of course, the somebody in question would need a convincing reason for wandering around when most people were in bed. The word *dark* conjures up things that are scary, spooky, and go bump in the night. And those things require bad guys worth fearing, so they would need an extra, blood-freezing dimension. What better villains than supernatural dark forces!





The technology/game mix already felt exciting enough to justify more than a single game. They would create a series involving a set of features that would carry over from one mystery to the next. The design team decided to set all of the games in the same period in history and the same place. Choosing the precise when, where, and what was the next step.

By some quirk of fate, Infogrames happened at that very same moment to be negotiating for the right to create and publish computer games based on the Lovecraftian Cthulhu mythos!

What's in a Name?

The ingredients were all there. The only thing missing was a name for the product.

One of the earliest working titles for the game was *Alone in the Dark*. Of course, since it was the working title, it couldn't possibly be used for the finished package, right? The following is a list of titles suggested during the final months of preparation:

-  The Old Dark House
-  The Mansion of Monsters
-  The House of Terrors
-  The Terror behind the Doors



-  The Mansion of Terror
-  The Fear Estate
-  Lucid Horror
-  The Nightmare Vault
-  The Thing in the House
-  The Stalker of Nightmares
-  In the Home of the Beast
-  The Evil Fear
-  Steps in the Dark
-  The Doorstep of Terror

Some pretty corny stuff there. *The Evil Fear* was tempting, but it had a 50s ring to it—not quite right for the Roaring Twenties.

Alone 2: New Technology

When the time came to plan the second *Alone* mystery, the challenge was straightforward: the new game had to be bigger and better in every way! And it had to provide brand-new material within the existing framework. Lastly, the game developers were required to work fast.

Alone 1 took seven people two years to create. *Alone 2* was to take less than half that time with about 20 people on the team, including six programmers, six graphic artists, an artistic director, three scriptwriters, and a musician.

Upgrading the Tools

The new development team, headed by Franck De Girolami, was not wandering around in the dark, creating new programming software; it already had the tools. Apart from some fine-tuning of the 3-D model-maker, the emphasis was on getting faster and more fluid animation.












A new feature allowed the 3-D tool to interface with other 3-D software, providing better-textured surfaces. Some mapping was also introduced. Mapping is the application of a motif onto a surface. It's rather like wallpapering, giving you ability to apply any graphics you like to any kind of surface.

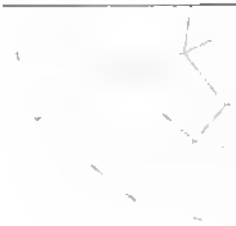
Alone 2 also benefited from a new device: the addition of 2-D animations for backdrops—flickering wall torches, for example. A small addition, but the sort of detail that creates the unique *Alone* atmosphere.

Perhaps the most important factor in making *Alone 2* an even finer product than its predecessor was the growing expertise of the people using the tools.

The Magicians

The most magical part of a tour of the *Alone* studio is the visit to the animation workshop where all the characters and 3-D objects are modelled. *Alone 2* features a dozen truly memorable characters apart from Carnby himself.

-  Grace Saunders The little girl. She doesn't punch, kick, or blast away with a Tommy gun. Her movements are remarkably childlike. Grace's face, in closeup, is a highly detailed model, using 500 separate polygons.
-  Shorty Leg This little pirate has a peg leg. If you get the time, admire his walk.
-  Bubble Blade A world-class gymnast!
-  T-Bone The cook. Not only does he actually cook and fight with a frying pan, he also walks with an irresistible rolling gait.
-  Music Man This guy is a marvel. Just don't let him point his accordion at you!
-  Roses He's the one in the undershorts. He's often, but not always, very drunk. You'll like his stagger.
-  Mister Eye Here's a class act for you. The smoothest dancing dude ever to strut his stuff across a monitor screen. His Look Boys are never far away.
-  Black Hat Another classy guy. He handles his two pistols beautifully.
-  De Witt This cool gangster and pirate smokes only the finest cigars. That coat he's wearing makes him the fanciest villain in the game with 284 polygons all to himself. Seems a pity to pop him.
-  Elisabeth Jarret One of the star baddies. Her movements are among the most expressive in this great parade of quality animation.
-  One-Eyed Jack The enemy. Don't be too intimidated by the way he twirls his two swords as he moves toward you. He can also kick like Carnby, only faster!



Jean-Marie and Frédérique, the animators, chose their own favorites. Jean-Marie is particularly proud of Mister Eye and Roses. As for Frédérique, she's quite happy with her work on T-Bone and Grace.

They say the toughest job was having Carnby climb ladders and stairs; getting his movements to correspond with the rungs and steps was pure torture.

Bigger and Better

Alone in the Dark 2 will take you a lot, lot longer to play than *Alone 1*. There are four times as many places to visit and three times as many characters! *Alone 1* boasted 90 3-D objects and 200 animated sequences. Not bad. *Alone 2* features 600 3-D objects and 1500 animations!

Remember those dead angles in *Alone 1*? You won't find them in the sequel. And how about those fights in which Carnby was completely off-screen (maybe he was asking the director to use a stuntman)? Now the hero stays in the shot whether he likes it or not.

Graphics

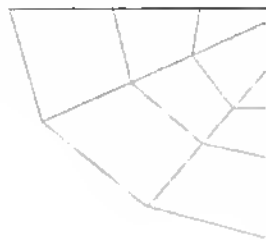
Artistic director Patrick Charpenet's challenge was to improve on the graphic universe of *Alone 1* and provide 200 background screens for the new game—in four months.

He found one artist to handle the roughs, another to handle the flashback sequences, three to create the backdrops, and one to handle the technical side: cutting, masking, camera, color control, integration, etc.

The roughman, working from paper printouts provided by the scene editor tool, sketched the views. Those sketches allowed the three background artists to create the 200 views.

The technique was essentially the same as that used in *Alone 1*. Other methods—pure 3-D, paintings, photographs—were considered. But none of these options suited the graphic style of the animated characters, the stars of the show. The result needed to be soft but sharply focused with lots of contrasts.

Part of the secret of *Alone's* gripping atmosphere lies in the lighting and colors. Each episode possesses a particular personality, developed with texture and color. The underground passages are gray-green with stone and roots and flickering torches. As for the house, imagine a mansion in the 1920s decorated by a 200-year-old crew of rum-swilling pirates! Here, the dominant color is a gaudy



red. Moving up to the attic we come to the domain of Elisabeth Jarret, the sorceress. The atmosphere is more Spartan, less cluttered. The only location without decoration in the entire house is the room where Grace is held captive.

Down in the ship (based on the *Phénix*, an 86-gun, second-line man o' war launched in 1690), the graphic universe changes dramatically. A little shoddy and down-at-heel, this is a world of wood. The realism here is not in the architecture (the ceilings are much higher than in reality) but in the detail and the surface textures. Up on deck, the light seems to crackle like the light you get before a thunderstorm.

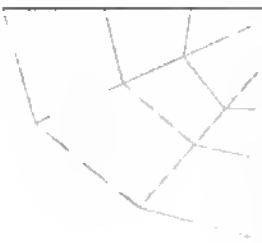
The beginning of the game posed a particular graphic challenge: the garden maze episode called for a definite "green vegetation" look. Gentle green plant life is not what the average computer gamer likes best. Most prefer tough, angular architecture. The preliminary artwork for the garden was considered too soft for the audience, so Infogrames' graphic troubleshooter, Josiane, set about making the garden nasty. Take a look at the hedges. You'll notice how the branches have been developed to create a tortured, hostile environment. Keep your eyes open for some eerily effective morphing in the maze. This is one garden in which you won't want lie back and relax!

The graphic artists are encouraged to think of their work as a living, unfolding drama. The images are not there merely to look good. Their function is to serve the mystery. The player isn't a tourist; he doesn't have time to admire the furniture. What he needs from the backgrounds is an immediate understanding of where he is and what kind of a place it is. At the same time, the artwork must be of the finest quality.

The Infogrames approach to decoration is another example of how computer-game designers are starting to think in the same terms as TV and movie producers. *Alone in the Dark 2* is a professionally made show with interactivity added.

The Script

Hubert Chardot joined Infogrames early in 1992 to script a game called *Shadow Of The Comet* (a Cthulhu adventure that uses a different interface) and was called in to take over the Derceto mystery, because the previous writer had other commitments. Chardot stayed on to take charge of scriptwriting for the *Alone* series.



Having acquired most of their professional experience in the film industry, the writers developed a movie-style script technique for *Alone 2*. This fresh perspective had the intended effect, helping everyone involved in the project to adopt new ways of thinking about computer games.

For *Alone 2*, the writers wanted to give more substance to the plot. Edward Carnby would fight "real" people with personal histories and specific personalities (expressed convincingly through animation).

Chardot and his colleagues can't wait for the day when the camera will start to move and their characters will talk! In the meantime, one goal they set for themselves was to tell a fairly complex story without dialog and with as little text as possible. The long introductory sequence in *Alone 2* provides a context for the mystery story and sets the scene.

Alone 1 makes extensive use of text in the form of books and diaries that the player discovers as he explores Derceto. For the second game, the writers wanted a solution with more visual impact. Working with the graphics people, they selected the flashback. Each of the two principal baddies, Elisabeth Jarret and One-Eyed Jack, has a flashback sequence to provide a change from the tension of the game. One-Eyed Jack's story is told in a swashbuckling style, whereas Jarret's is a more somber tale.

Dracula Unleashed: The Official Strategy Guide & Novel

RICK BARBA

Dracula is in London! Pray he doesn't find you!

The year is 1899. The place, London. It is cold, foggy, and unsettling. As Alexander Morris, you have only a brief time to track down Count Dracula before he and his converted feed upon your loved ones—and you! Hesitate and you may run out of precious time. Be unprepared and find yourself facing a lethal confrontation. Succumb to exhaustion and you will run out of energy to ward off the undead.

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In addition, this volume contains the complete, unexpurgated text of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, which *Dracula Unleashed* faithfully follows. Are you prepared?

Rick Barba is a game designer and the author or co-author of several game books for Prima, including *Stunt Island: The Official Strategy Guide* and *Computer Adventure Games Secrets*.

400 pages

\$19.95

1-55958-539-0

Myst: The Official Strategy Guide

RICK BARBA AND RUSEL DEMARIA

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- A complete, fictionalized walkthrough of the game
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- Screen images of the most important locations
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But that's not all! You also get the following special bonuses:

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Rick Barba is a game designer and author of *Stunt Island: The Official Strategy Guide* and *Computer Adventure Game Secrets* (both from Prima).

Rusel DeMaria is Creative Director of Prima's *Secrets of the Games* series and head of DeMaria Studios. He is the author of many bestselling computer and video game books, including *Prince of Persia: The Official Strategy Guide* (from Prima).

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The 7th Guest: The Official Strategy Guide

RUSEL DEMARIA

Welcome to Stauf's Mansion . . . Oooh! Bad Move!!

It isn't exactly a walk in the park, is it? *The 7th Guest: The Official Strategy Guide* is your passport into the world of the hottest-selling CD-ROM around. Take a walk through this haunted 3-D world and discover its secrets. Venture into this book and find:

- A full walkthrough with clues to every puzzle
- A complete dramatization of the events of this mystery
- All the puzzle solutions in a quick reference section
- Background on the making of *The 7th Guest* and an exclusive, behind-the-scenes interview

Not only that, you get the original *7th Guest* script and complete list of clues and comments made by Stauf. Here's the door; we've got the key!

Rusel DeMaria is Creative Director of Prima's *Secrets of the Games* series and head of DeMaria Studios. He is the author of many best-selling computer and video game strategy books, including *X-Wing: The Official Strategy Guide* (Prima).

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Return to Zork Adventurer's Guide

STEVE SCHWARTZ

Beware the Grue at Night! A Vulture Might Carry You Off!

Return to Zork is the mesmerizing, intriguing, sensory-intensive adventure game from Infocom that sets a new standard for fantasy role-playing games. *Return to Zork Adventurer's Guide* is the definitive companion book to this compelling—and very fascinating interactive adventure. Inside you get:

- Multiple levels of hints that enable you to get just the information you need
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All of this valuable information is highly illustrated with pictures and detailed, annotated maps of the game. Also included is a complete game walkthrough to help you discover unexplored territories, experience situations you may have missed, and improve your final score.

Steve Schwartz is a professional writer, computer expert, and psychologist. He has written about computer and home arcade games for more than 15 years and is the author of more than a dozen computer and game books. He is the author of *Battletoads: The Official Battlebook* and *Parent's Guide to Video Games* (both from Prima).

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\$14.95

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Prince of Persia and Prince of Persia 2: The Official Strategy Guide

RUSEL DEMARIA

Inside secrets of Prince of Persia revealed by the creators of the game!

Broderbund's Prince of Persia is one of the most popular and enduring games for both computer and video consoles. The recipient of many awards, the Macintosh version recently won the coveted Eddy award from MacUser Magazine. Prince of Persia and Prince of Persia 2: The Official Strategy Guide is the only source of information direct from the game's developer, Jordan Mechner. Mr. Mechner has collaborated with the author to bring you a complete walkthrough of both games, with plenty of detail on how to succeed at this very tricky game. Every secret is revealed! Every puzzle solved! In addition, DeMaria reveals, for the first time anywhere, the real story of the Prince and how he came to Persia! All Prince of Persia fans will want this book, which also contains original fantasy artwork by the renowned artist, Jeff Menges.

Rusel DeMaria is the Creative Director of Prima's Secrets of the Games series and author or co-author of many books, including *Ultima: The Avatar Adventures* (Prima, 1992).

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